

PLAYS AND POEMS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

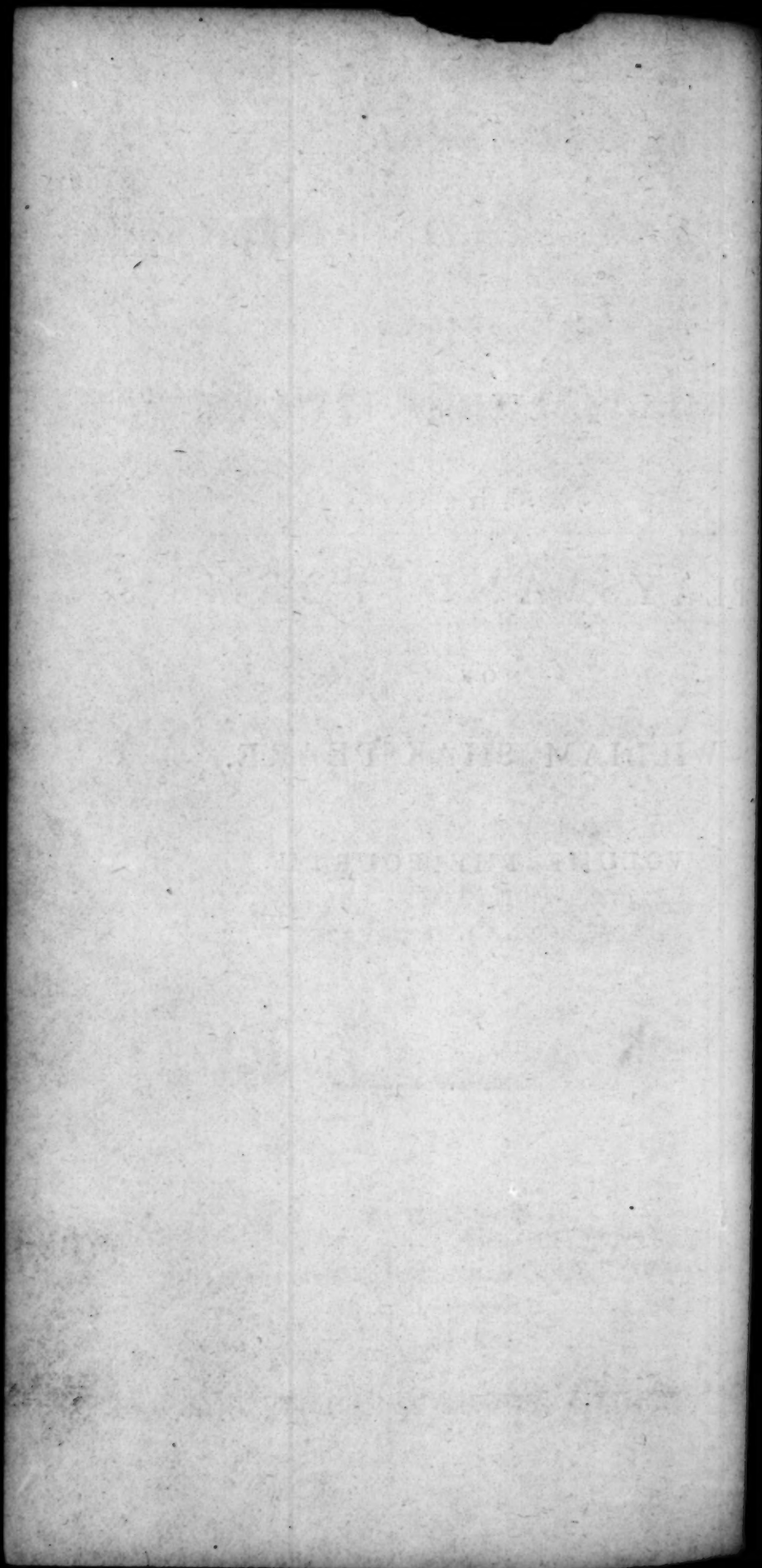
THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.



THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY JOHN EXSHAW, No. 98, GRAFTON-STREET.

1794.

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OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
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Printed by JOHN EYRE, No. 25, Great Britain Street.
1794.

VOL. IV.

B

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Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.

Dromio of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, and Attendants on
Dromio of Syracuse, } the two Antipholus's.

Angelo, a Goldsmith.

Pinch, a School-master, and a Conjuror.

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Luce, *her* Servant.

Failer, Officers, and other Attendants.

*Meretor Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soscitem.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quaritot
Circum omnes oras. Post Epidaurnum devenit ;
Hic fuerat auclus ille surreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam :
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et focer.
Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem.*

The *translator*, W. W. calls the brothers, *Menæchmus Socraticus*, and *Menæchmus the traveller*. Whencesoever *Shakspeare* adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropt, and throughout the rest of the entries the *twins* are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ege. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:

¹ Shakspeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menachmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument already quoted, is as follows:

- "Two twinne-borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
- "Menechmus one, and Soficles the other;
- "The first his father lost, a little lad;
- "The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
- "This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
- "His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
- "Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
- "That citizens there take him for the same;
- "Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
- "Much pleasant error, ere they meete together."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.—See this translation of the *Menachmi*, among *Six old Plays* in which Shakspeare founded, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially in long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The enmity and discord, which of late
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen—
 Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods—
 Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :
 Nay, more,
 If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
 At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
 Again, If any, Syracusan born,
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose ;
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
 'Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort ; when your words are done
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
 Yet that the world may witness, that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence²,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too³, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made

² —[*by nature, not by vile offence,*] Not by any criminal act, but by *natural affection*, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus. *Malone*

³ *And by me too,*—] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to complete the metre. *Malone*

To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
 And he, great care of goods at random left ⁴,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,) ⁵
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
 There had she not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman ⁵ was delivered
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return:
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.

We came aboard:
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
 But longer did we not retain much hope:
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was—for other means was none.—

⁴ And he, great care of goods at random left,] Surely we should read:
 And the great care of goods at random left
 Drew me, &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can scarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

⁵ A poor mean woman—] Poor is not in the original copy. It was inserted for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

The

The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
 Which being violently borne upon *,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome † to their shipwreck'd guests ;

* — borne upon,] The original copy reads—borne up. The additional syllable was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

† Gave helpful welcome—] Old Copy—healthful welcome. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.—So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. i.

“ And gave the tongue a helpful welcome.” MALONE.

And would have reft the fifhers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very flow of fail,
 And therefore homeward did they bend their courfe.—
 Thus have you heard me fever'd from my blifs;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell fad ftories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the fake of them thou forroweft for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee ⁸, till now.

Æge. My youngft boy, and yet my eldeft care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant, (for his cafe was like ⁹,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
 Might bear him company in the queft of him:
 Whom whilft I labour'd of a love to fee,
 I hazarded the lofs of whom I lov'd.

Five fummers have I fpent in fartheft Greece,
 Roaming clean through ¹⁰ the bounds of Afia,
 And, coafting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopelefs to find, yet loth to leave unfought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here muft end the ftory of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Haplefs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd?
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, truft me, were it not againft our laws,
 Againft my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not difannul,
 My foul fhould fue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And paffed fentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great difparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,

⁸ — and thee, till now.] The firft copy erroneoufly reads—and they. The correction was made in the fecond folio. MALONE.

⁹ — for his cafe was like—] The original copy has—fo his. The emendation was made by the editor of the fecond folio. MALONE.

¹⁰ — clean through—] In the northern parts of England this word is ftill ufed inftead of quite, fully, perfectly, completely. STEEVENS.

8 COMEDY OF ERRORS.

To seek thy help² by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if not³, then thou art doom'd to die :—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend⁴,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnium,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner time :
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit. DRO. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, Sir ; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

² *To seek thy help—*] Mr. Pope and some other modern editors read—*To seek thy life, &c.* But the jingle has much of Shakspeare's manner. MALONE.

³ *— if not,*] Old copy—*no.* Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ *— wend,*] i. e. go. An obsolete word. STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time^s;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the fadler for my mistress' crupper;—
The fadler had it, Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

[*And afterwards consort you till bed-time;*] We should read, I be-

lieve, "And afterwards consort with you till bed-time."

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo." MALONE.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner;
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed⁶;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock⁷,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this;
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, Sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce⁸ of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

⁶ ——— *I shall be post indeed,*

For she will score your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitty* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers:—"if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse; &c." STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Women in her Humour*, 1609:

"*Hes.* Out of my doors, knave, thou enterest not my doors; I have no chalk in my house; my *posts* shall not be guarded with a little sing-song." MALONE.

⁷ — *your clock,*] The old copy reads—*your cook*. Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

⁸ — *that merry sconce—*] *Sconce* is head. STEEVENS.

Dro. E.

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner.
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, Sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, Sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit DROMIO, E.]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught⁹ of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage¹;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body²;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin³:

⁹ — o'er-raught—] That is, over-reached. JOHNSON.

¹ They say, this town is full of cozenage;] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ἑφισία ἀλξίφαρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and ἑφισία γράμματα, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

² As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;] Perhaps the epithets have been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

Soul-killing forcerers, that change the mind,
Dark-working witches, that deform the body;

This change seems to remove all difficulties.—By soul-killing I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Witches or forcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnson has done as much as was necessary to remove all difficulty from the passage.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare received from the old translation of the *Menachmi*, 1595. "For this assure yourselfe, this towne Epidamnum is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold; then for curti-zans, &c." STEEVENS.

³ — liberties of sin:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right.

JOHNSON.

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
 I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
 A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,
 They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill⁴.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so,

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe⁵.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
 Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these*,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

⁴ — *ill.*] This word, which the rhyme seems to countenance, was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The first has—*thus*. MALONE.

⁵ *Adr.* *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*

Luc. *Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.*] The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the bridle must bear the lash, and that woe is the punishment of head-strong liberty. STEEVENS.

* Men—the masters, &c.] The old copy has *Man*—the master, &c. and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Are

Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where⁶?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause⁷;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience^{*} would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd⁸ patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beslrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

⁶—*start some other where?*] I suspect that *where* has here the power of a noun. So, in *K. Lear*:

"Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find."

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?*
So again, p. 16: "—his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Otherwise signifies—in other places. STEEVENS.

⁷—*see pause;*] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

^{*}With urging helpless *patience*—] By exhorting me to patience, which affords no help. So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"As those poor birds that *helpless* berries saw." MALONE.

⁸—*fool-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that patience which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and beg the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

Dro. E.

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them².

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold¹:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; *My gold*, quoth he:
My mistress, Sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*:
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me³,

² — *that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakspeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: “— my staff understands me.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *a thousand marks in gold:*] The old copy reads—*a hundred marks*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

² — *will you come home, quoth I?*] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentic copy of this play, was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

³ *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather ⁴.

[Exit.

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look ⁵.
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures ⁶: My decayed fair ⁶
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:
 But, too unruly deer ⁷, he breaks the pale,

And

⁴ — *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

⁵ *While I at home starve for a merry look.*] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

"When that mine eye is famish'd for a look." MALONE.

⁶ *Of my defeatures:*] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *My decayed fair.*] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Τοῦ καλὸν, is a similar expression. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

"Demetrius loves your fair."

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet:

"Before these bastard signs of fair were born."

Again, in the 83d Sonnet:

"And therefore to your fair no painting set." STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So Marston, in one of his satires:

"As the greene meads, whose native outward faire

"Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air." FARMER.

⁷ *But, too unruly deer.*] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on a lady's Girdle:

"This was my heaven's extremest sphere,

"The pale that held my lovely deer." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling,

And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale ⁸.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy !—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere ;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain ;—
Would that alone, alone he would detain ⁹ ;
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold : and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame ¹.

Since

“ Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,

“ Within the circuit of this ivory pale,

“ I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer ;

“ Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale.”

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these.

MALONE.

⁸ — *poor I am but his stale.*] “ Stale to catch these thieves ;” in the *Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his armours. So, in the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587 :

“ Was I then chose and wedded for his stale,

“ To looke and gape for his retireless sayles

“ Pust back and flittering spread to every winde ?”

Again, in the old translation of the *Menachmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence Shakspeare borrowed the expression : “ He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps *stale* may have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity*. COLLINS.

⁹ *Would that alone alone he would detain,*] The first copy reads :

Would that alone a love, &c.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

¹ *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*

Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold : and no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.] This passage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

—— yet the gold 'bides still

That others touch ; and often touching will

Where gold ; and no man, that hath a name

By falsehood, &c.

The word *though* was suggested by Mr. Steevens ; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is used as a dissyllable.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out,
By computation, and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt:
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, Sir, for God's sake: now your jest is
earnest:

Syllable. The commentator last mentioned, not perceiving this, reads
—and so no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by
the subsequent editors.

The observation concerning gold, is found in one of the early dra-
matic pieces, *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“ ——— gold in time does wear away,

“ And other precious things do fade: Friendship does ne'er decay.”

MALONE.

Upon

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours².
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But keep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too³; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, Sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore—For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, Sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next⁴, to give you nothing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, Sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, Sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, Sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

² *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

³ *and insconce it*] A *sconce* was a petty fortification. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *next*,] Our author probably wrote—*next time*. MALONE.

Dro. S. Left it make you choleric⁵, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. S. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time : There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, Sir?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts : and what he hath scanted men in hair⁶, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair⁷.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two ; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

⁵ *Left it make you choleric, &c.*] So, in the *Taming of the Shrew* :

"I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,

"And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

"For it engenders choler, planteth anger, &c." STEEVENS.

⁶ —and what he hath scanted men in hair,] The old copy reads—scanted them. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's—The same error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. ii. edit. 1623 :

"Stuffing the ears of them with false reports." MALONE.

⁷ Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.] That is, Those that have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.

JOHNSON.

Dro. S.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falling⁸.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring⁹; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time¹ for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time² to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wasts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were music to thine ear³,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

⁸ — *falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. The author of the *Revisal* would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *that he spends in tiring*;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

¹ — *there is no time*.] The old copy reads—*here is*, &c. The editor of the second folio made the correction. MALONE.

² — *no time*, &c.] The first folio has—in no time, &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps the word should rather have been corrected. The author might have written—*even* no time, &c. See many instances of this corruption in a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. sc. i. MALONE.

³ *That never words were music to thine ear*,] Imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:

"My music then you could for ever hear,

"And all my words were music to your ear." MALONE.

That

That thou art then estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall⁴
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition, or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust⁵:
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted⁶ by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live dis-stain'd⁷, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

⁴ — may'st thou fall—] To *fall* is here a verb active. STEEVENS.

⁵ — with the crime of lust:] Dr. Warburton reads—with the *grime*—
 So, again in this play; "A man may go over shoes in the *grime* of it."

MALONE.

⁶ Being strumpeted—] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this
 verb, So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"By this adulteress basely *strumpeted*." STEEVENS.

⁷ I live dis-stain'd,] i. e. *unstained, undefiled*. THEOBALD.

Ant. S.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compâct?

Dro. S. I, Sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt^s,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine⁹;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state¹,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss²;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?

^s — you are from me exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The first is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with attempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

⁹ Thou art an elm, my husband; I a vine;]

*Lenta, qui, velut assitas
Vitis implicat arbores,
Implicabitur in tuum
Complexum.* Catul. 57.

So Milton, Par. Lost. B. V:

“ ——— They led the vine

“ To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines

“ Her marriageable arms.” MALONE.

¹ — stronger state,] The old copy has—*stranger*. Corrected by Malone. MALONE.

² — idle moss;] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being useless is useless. So, in *Othello*: —“ antres vast, and deserts idle.”

or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 That error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy³.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a dinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spight of spights!—

We talk with goblins, owls⁴, and elvish sprights⁵;

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone⁶, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I*?

[The offer'd fallacy.] The old copy reads—"the freed fallacy." The emendation was suggested by an anonymous correspondent of Mr. Steevens. Mr. Pope reads, I think, with less probability,—the favour'd fallacy; which has been followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

[We talk with goblins, owls,—] It was an old popular superstition, that the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the night. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega* or *strix*, the scritch-owl. This superstition they derived from their pagan ancestors. See Ovid. Fast. Lib. vi. WARBURTON.

Goblinish owls accompany elvish ghosts in *Spencer's Shepherd's Calendar* for June. So, in *Sherringham's Discerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine*, p. 333. Lares, Lemures Stryges, Lamiae, Manes (Gastæ dicti) similes monstrorum Grege, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113.

TOLLET.

Owls are also mentioned in *Cornucopiae, or Pasquil's Nightcap, or Antidote to the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night,

"No owles, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright." STEEVENS.

Owls was changed by Mr. Theobald into *ouphs*; and how, it is objected, should Shakspeare know that *striges* or scritch-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following passage in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the best answer to this question: "'Soul, I think, am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl." MALONE.

[—elvish sprights:] The epithet *elvish* is not in the first folio, but the second has—*elves* sprights. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the second folio having been merely arbitrary, any other suitable epithet of two syllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe first introduced—*elvish*. MALONE.

[*Dromio, thou drone,*] The old copy reads—*Dromio, thou Dromio*, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[—am not I?] Old copy—*am I not*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

Ant. S.

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grafs.
'Tis so, I am an afs; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, Sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And thrive you⁷ of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE. I.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,

⁷ *And serue you—*] That is, I will call you to confession, and make
you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

To see the making of her carkanet⁸,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an afs.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear⁹,
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: Pray God, our
cheer

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome
dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

⁸ — *carkanet*,] seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot*.—A *Carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Marry, so it doth appear*

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.] Mr. Theobald, instead of *dash*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *afs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *afs*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen!

Dro. S. [*within*] Mome¹, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch²!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays
in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch
cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door

Dro. S. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me
wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd
to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again,
when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the
house I owe³?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is
Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and
my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
name for an ass.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are
those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

¹ *Mome*,] a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. 'This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed; whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken; from hence also comes our word *mum*! for silence. HAWKINS.

² — *patch*!] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-colour'd coats worn by the licens'd fools or jesters of the age. STEEVENS.

³ — *I owe*?] i. e. I own. STEEVENS,

Luce. Have at you with another: that's—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope⁴?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go fore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither⁵.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

⁴—*I hope?*] A line either preceding or following this, has, I believe, been lost. Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—I *trou*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

⁵—*we shall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9504:

“That no wight with his blisse *parten* shall.”

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

Dro. E. You would say so master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold :
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold⁶.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, Sir ; and words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking ; Out upon thee, hind !

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in ; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather ; master mean you so ?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :
If a crow help us in, Sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together⁷.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir ; O, let it not be so ;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this⁸—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part⁹ some cause to you unknown :

⁶ — *bought and sold.*—] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be bought and sold in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *we'll pluck a crow together*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.—The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had *tantum usupam*. *Upupa* signifies both a *laping* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Once this.*—] This expression appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

Once this may mean, Once for all, let me recommend *this* to your consideration. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Your long experience of her wisdom—*

Plead on her part—] The old copy reads *your*, in both places.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
 Why at this time the doors are made ¹ against you.
 Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
 And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:
 And, about evening come yourself alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rout ²
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 For slander lives upon succession ³;
 For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth ⁴, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse—
 Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
 Upon mine hostels there: good Sir, make haste:
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ — *the doors are made*—] To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door*.

STEEVENS.

² — *supposed by the common rout*] *Supposed* is founded on *supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

³ — *upon succession*;] *Succession* is often used as a quadrisyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So below, p. 38, *satisfaction* composes half a verse.

⁴ *Ant. in despite of mirth*,—] Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. HEATH.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate^s?

*And may it be, that you have quite forgot
 An husband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love in building grow so ruinate?*

So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

And ruin'd love, when it is built anew—

The word *bate* at the end of the second line was supplied by Mr. Theobald; *building*, instead of *buildings*, is also his correction. In support of the former emendation, a passage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

"—thou art so possess'd with murderous *bate*,
 "That 'gainst thyself thou slick'st not to conspire,
 "Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,
 "Which to repair should be thy chief desire."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"To *ruinate* proud buildings with thy hours."

Stowe uses the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annals*, p. 292. "The last year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate——" MALONE.

The meaning is, Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up?

Love-springs are what our poet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, called the *beds of love*.

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition:—shall Antipholus—. If therefore instead of *ruinate* we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antipbilus*, a name which Shakspeare might have found in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antipbilus* was a famous painter, and rival to Apelles.

Ruinous is justified by a passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. sc. iv:

"Lest growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the first folio, *Antipbelus* occurs much more often than *Antipholus*, even where the rhyme is not concerned; and were the rhyme defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places.

STEEVENS.

Antipholus occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other spelling. MALONE.

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false; What need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain⁶?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
 Shame hath a ballard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe⁷,
 Being compact of credit⁸, that you love us;
 Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little⁹ vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I
 know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
 Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

⁶ — *his own attain?*] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

⁷ — *make us but believe,*] The old copy reads—*not believe*. It was corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁸ *Being compact of credit,*] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *vain,*] Is *light of tongue, not serious*. JOHNSON.

But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid ¹, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood ² of tears;
 Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee ³, and there lie;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink ⁴!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ⁵; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where ⁶ you should, and that will clear your sight.

¹ — mermaid,] is only another name for *syren*. STEEVENS.

² — in thy sister's flood—] The old copy reads—*sister*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ — as a bed I'll take thee,] *Bed*, which the word *lie* fully supports, was introduced in the second folio. The old copy has—*bed*. MALONE.

Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read—I'll take *them*.—Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:—as a *bed* I'll take *thee*, &c. i. e. I like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and,

“—phœnix-like beneath thine eye

“Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.”

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive support from the following passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i. sc. ii:

“—my bosom as a bed

“Shall lodge thee.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!] Love means—the Queen of love. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Now for the love of love, and her soft hours—”

Again, more appositely in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,

“Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.”

Venus is here speaking of herself.

Again, *ibidem*:

“*She's* love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.” MALONE.

⁵ Not mad, but mated,] i. e. confounded.—So, in *Macbeth*:

“My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.” STEEVENS.

⁶ Gaze where—] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim⁷.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee⁸:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, Sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will.

[*Exit Luc.*]

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse? and she would have me as a beast: not that, I

⁷ *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim*] When he calls the girl his only heaven on the earth, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her his heaven's claim, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *for I aim thee*:] The old copy reads—for I am thee. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. Antipholus has just told her, as the same gentleman observes—that she was his sweet hope's aim. MOLONE.

being a beast, she would have me ; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she ?

Dro. S. A very reverent body ; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir-reverence : I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage ?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease ; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter : if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of ?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept ; For why ? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, Sir, 'tis in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name ?

Dro. S. Nell, Sir ;—but her name and three quarters⁹, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip : she is spherical, like a globe ; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks ; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland ?

⁹ *Nell, Sir ; but her name and three quarters, &c.*] The old copy has —her name is three quarters, &c. The emendation was made by Dr. Thirlby. This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger, in *The Old Law*, 1653 :

“ *Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

“ *Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

“ *Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy ?

“ *Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an *ell*, &c.” MALONE.

Dro. S.

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair¹.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

¹ *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.* The old copy has—her *beir*. The present reading was introduced by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Theobald prefers the old reading, supposing the allusion to be to Henry IV. "whose claim, on the death of his father, in 1589, [and for several years afterwards] the States of France resisted, on account of his being a Protestant."

In *Macbeth*, folio, 1623, *beire* is printed for *hair*:

"Whose horrid image doth unfix my *beire*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623:

"—His meanest garment is dearer

"In my respect, than all the *beires* above thee." MALONE.

With this explication Dr. Warburton concurs; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation was intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense in looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*; he means covered with incrustated eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *hair*? JOHNSON.

I think with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation may have been intended. It is of little consequence which of the two words is preserved in the text, if the author meant that two senses should be touched under the same term.—Dr. Johnson's objection, that "an equivocal term must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied," appears to me not so well founded as his observations in general are; for, though a correct writer would observe that rule, our author is very seldom scrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uses in comparisons scarcely ever answering exactly on both sides. However, as *hair* affords the clearest and most obvious sense, I have placed it in the text. In *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

"This your *beire* of France hath blown this vice in me—" instead of *air*. MALONE.

Dro. S.

Dro. S. O, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast² at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her³; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith⁴, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk, till thou return to me. If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She, that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself: But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong⁵, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter

² — to be ballast] i. e. ballast. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— to have the engineer

“ Hoist with his own petar.” i. e. hoisted. STEEVENS.

³ — assured to her;] i. e. affianced to her. STEEVENS.

⁴ — if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of faith.

WARBURTON.

⁵ — to self-wrong,] I have met with other instances of this kind of phraseology. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ But

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine⁶:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

"But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

"To what we wildly do—"

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—of self-wrong. MALONE.

"—at the Porcupine;] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of our ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66. of Ascham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

To

To Persia, and want gilders⁷ for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me⁸ by Antipholus :
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same :
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save ; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates⁹,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year¹ I buy a rope !

[*Exit. DROMIO.*]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain ;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat ;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;
Besides, I have some business in the town :
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,

⁷ — want gilders] A gilder is a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

⁸ Is growing to me—] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

⁹ — and her confederates,] The old copy has—their confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath?
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good Sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, Sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, Sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsammum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now, a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,¹
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire wastage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon²:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*

¹ — *thou peevish sheep,*] *Peevish* is *filly*. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"Desire my man's abode where I did leave him;

"He's strange and *peevish*." See a note on Act i. sc. vii.

STEEVENS.

² *You sent me for a ropes end as soon:*] *Ropes* is here a dissyllable; the Saxon genitive case. MALONE.

Dro. S.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowfabel³ did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors⁴ tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

³ *Where Dowfabel—*] This name occurs in one of Drayton's
Pastorals:

"He had, as antique stories tell,

"A daughter cleaped *Dowfabel*, &c." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors
in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the
flock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place:

"Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

"All of one nature, of one substance bred,

"Did lately meet in the intestine shock,

"And furious close of civil butchery." WARBURTON.

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in
the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears

"Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush

"To baffle in the clouds, before each van

"Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,

"Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms

"From either end of heaven the welkin burns." STEEVENS.

The original copy reads—*Ob*, his heart's meteors, &c. The correc-
tion was made in the second folio. MALONE.

Adr.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere⁵,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungente, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making⁶, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away⁷:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment⁸ hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

⁵ — sere,] that is, dry, withered. JOHNSON.

⁶ Stigmatical in making,] That is, marked or stigmatised by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

⁷ Far from her nest the lapwing, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-catching*, 1592, says: "But again to our priggers, who, as before I said—cry with the lapwing *far from her nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode is." Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—"he withdraweth much, *lapwing-like*, from his nest, as much as might be." STEEVENS.

⁸ — an everlasting garment] *Everlasting* was in the time of Shakespeare as well as at present, the name of a kind of durable stuff. The quibble intended here, is likewise met with in B. and Fletcher's *Women Hater*:

" ——— I'll quit this transitory

" Trade, and get me an everlasting robe,

" Sear up my conscience, and turn *serjeant*." STEEVENS.

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough²;
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper¹, one that countermands
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well³;
 One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell³.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case⁴.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
 But he's in⁵ a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
 Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit LUCIANA.*]

² — a fairy, *pitiless and rough*;] There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous.

JOHNSON:

So, Milton: "No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine,

"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

¹ — a shoulder-clapper,] is a bailiff. STEEVENS.

² A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;] To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the wrong way in the chase, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

To draw dry-foot, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot; for which the blood hound is famed. GREY.

³ — to hell.] Hell was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

"In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's hell."

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermost farthing. STEEVENS.

⁴ — on the case.] An action upon the case is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling. His master's case was touched by the shoulder clapper. See p. 46:—"in a case of leather, &c." MALONE.

⁵ But he's in—] The old copy reads—But is in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

That.

That he ⁶, unknown to me, should be in debt :—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band ⁷ ?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring? .

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou
reason?

Dro. S. Time is very a bankrout, and owes more than he's
worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt ⁸, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶ That *be*—] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ —*was he arrested on a band?*] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly, though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, I believe, the humour of the passage turns. STEEVENS.

See Minshew's Dict. 1617, in v. "BAND or Obligation." In the same column is found "A BAND or thong to tie withal." Also, "A BAND for the neck, because it serves to *bind* about the neck." These sufficiently explain the equivocal.

Band is used in the sense which is couched under the words, "a stronger thing," in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*." MALONE.

⁸ *If he be in debt,*] The old edition reads—*If I be in debt.*

STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. Mr. Rowe reads—*If time*, &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *be*. MALONE.

SCENE III.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
 As if I were their well acquainted friend;
 And every one doth call me by my name,
 Some tender money to me, some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
 Some offer me commodities to buy;
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What,
 have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but
 that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the
 calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came be-
 hind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your
 liberty.

[*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*] A
 short word or two must have slipped out here, by some accident, in copy-
 ing, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the
 allusion. The case is this. Dromio's master had been arrested, and
 sent his servant home for money to redeem him: he running back with
 the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he mistakes for his
 master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come,
 he cries, in a surprize; *What, have you got rid of the picture of old
 Adam new apparell'd?* For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture.
 But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The allusion
 is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked; and immediately
 after the fall being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new
 apparell'd: and in like manner, the serjeants of the Counter were for-
 merly clad in buff, or calf's-skin, as the author humorously a little lower
 tells us. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be
 amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers.

STEEVENS.

Ant. S.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike¹.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

¹ — *he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.*] The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shewn. JOHNSON.

A *morris pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon. "*Morris-pikes* (says Langley, in his translation of *Polydore Virgil*) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "The English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morris-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high. *Morris-pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

Dro. S.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here*.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon?

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;

And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils

Ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush,

A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,

A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain;

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch? Come, Dromio, let us go.

* *We'll mend our dinner here.*] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

² — *if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.*] In the old copy you is accidentally omitted. It was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I believe some other words were passed over by the compositor—perhaps of this import:—"if you do expect spoon-meat, either stay away, or bespeak a long spoon." Or in the sense of *before*, which it signified in old language, is hardly admissible here. In all the old writers, if I mistake not, when employed in this sense, it is joined with a personal pronoun,—"*or ere I went*,"—"or *ere he spoke*;" &c. or with an article; as in the instance quoted by Mr. Stevens:

"He shall be murder'd *or* the guests come in."

I do not recollect to have ever met with it used as an adverb, for *bespeak*.—The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *the Tempest*. MALONE.

Dro. S.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock : Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt. ANT. and DRO.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself :

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain ;

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away : This course I fittest choose ;

For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away ;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day ;

And will not lightly trust the messenger,

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus :

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.

How now, Sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all*.

Ant. E. But where's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope !

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

* — will pay them all.] See *Tempest*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Dro. E.

Dro. E. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[*beating him.*]

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient: I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH', and Others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end⁴; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E.

³ — *Pinch*,] The direction in the old copy is,—"and a school-master called Pinch." In many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England, I mean a cunning man as a school-master; that is, a conjurer, &c." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington, which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice finem*. But to what purpose; unless our author would shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for prophesying like the parrot, this alludes to people's teaching that

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk?

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad? *[beats him.]*

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establiſh him in his true ſenſe again,

And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks?

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe,

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, houſ'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou were not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are theſe your customers*?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whiſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home⁴! Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

Dro. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

Ant. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, Sir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

“ Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,

“ That ſpeak, and think contrary clean;

“ What member 'tis of whom they talk,

“ When they cry rope, and walk, krave, walk.” *WARB.*

* — your customers?] A *customer* is uſed in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it ſeems to ſignify one who viſits ſuch women. *MALONE.*

⁴ I din'd at home!] I is not found in the old copy. It was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. *MALONE.*

Dro. E.

Dro. E. Certes^s, she did ; the kitchen-vestal ⁶ scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

Dro. E. In verity, you did ;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me ? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, Master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks :

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. and DROMIO.]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company :—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou jailor, thou,
I am thy prisoner ; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him,

^s—Certes,] i. e. certainly. STEEVENS.

⁶—kitchen-vestal.] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins,
to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?⁷
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet⁸!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad
me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good Master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT. and DRO.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

⁷ — *thou peevish officer?*] This is the second time that in the course
of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *unhappy strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses
of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADP. and LUC.*]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff⁹ from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter MERCHANT and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly lov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city;

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

⁹ — our stuff] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
 Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
 That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
 And not without some scandal to yourself,
 With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
 This chain, which now you wear so openly:
 Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
 You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
 Who, but for staying on our controversy,
 Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
 This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
 Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
 To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
 I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
 Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
 Some get within him, take his sword away:
 Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
 This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANTIPH. and DROMIO to the Priory.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
 Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
 And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
 And much, much different from the man he was;
 But, till this afternoon, his passion
 Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy¹ of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And thereof comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)

And, at her heels², a huge infectious troop

Of

¹ — the copy] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting copies for boys. STEEVENS.

² But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)

And, at her heels—] Mr. Heath, to remedy the defective metre of the first line, proposed to read—moody, moping, &c. and to obviate female in the other, he would read—And at their heels—. The latter emendation is highly probable. In another place in this play, we have

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but myself;
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
 Till I have used the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again³:
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order:
 Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
 And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
 To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
 And never rise until my tears and prayers
 Have won his grace to come in person hither,
 And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

have *their* for *her*. See p. 38. n. 9. *Kinsman*, however, (as an anonymous critic has observed,) might have been used by Shakspeare in his licentious way, for *nearly related*. MALONE.

³ — a formal man again:] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"informal women," for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five ;
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death ⁴ and sorry execution ⁵,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended ; ÆGEON, bare-headed ; with the Headf-
man and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband —
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters ⁶—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;

⁴ The place of death—] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

⁵—sorry execution,] So in *Macbeth*.

"Of *forriest* fancies your companions making."

Sorry had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to The Sompnours Tale*, v. 7283, late edit. :

"This Frere, whan he loked had his fill

"Upon the turments of this *forry* place."

Again, in the *Knights Tale*, where the temple of Mars is described :

"All full of chirking was that *forry* place" STEEVENS.

⁶ Whom I made lord of me and all I had,

At your important letters,] *Import. nt* for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

So, in one of Shakspeare's Historical plays :

"—— great France

"Mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems from this passage to allude to a court of wards in Ephesus. The court of wards was always considered as a grievous oppression. STEEVENS.

See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III. sc. v. MALONE.

That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
 (With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
 Doing displeasure to the citizens
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order⁷ for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape⁸,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him;
 And, with his mad attendant and himself⁸,
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
 Chafed us away; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them: then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;
 I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row⁹, and bound the doctor,

⁷ — *to take order*] i. e. *to take measures*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *by what strong escape*,] Though *strong* is not unintelligible, I suspect we should read—*strange*. The two words are often confounded in the old copies. See p. 22. n. 1. MALONE.

⁸ *And, with his mad attendant and himself*,] We should read—*and himself*. WARBURTON.

We might read:

“*And here his mad attendant and himself*.” STEEVENS.
 I suspect, Shakspeare is himself answerable for this inaccuracy.

MALONE.

⁹ — *a-row*,] i. e. successively, one after another. STEEVENS.

Whole

Whole beard they have singed off with brands of fire¹;
 And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool²:
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
 And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
 I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
 To scorch your face³, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
 Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, he gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with
 halberds.

¹ *Whole beard they have singed off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

"*Oboius ambustum torrem Corinæus ab ara*

"*Corripit, et venienti Ebusa, plagamque ferenti,*

"*Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*

"*Nidoremque ambusta delit.*" Virg. *Æneis*, lib. xii.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have seen this method of shaving, in the life of Dion, p. 167. 4to. See North's Translation, in which *ambustum* may be translated brands. W.

² *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots or jesters close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like crop the conjurer;" which might have been applied to either of these characters. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of king Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *sewe* a common man like a fool. TOLLET.

Fools undoubtedly were shav'd and nick'd in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Course of Change, containing the triplicite of Divinite, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things used by monks, which provoke men to laugh at their follies, 1. They are *sewven and notched on the head, like fools*."

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1593, in v. "*Zuccone*, A shaven pate, a n tted poule; a poule-pate; a gull, a ninnic." MALONE.

³ *To scorch your face—*] We should read—*scotch*, i. e. hack, cut.

WARBURTON.

To scorch, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

Adr.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy life: even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots⁴ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advis'd⁵ what I say;

⁴ —with harlots] By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbaccio says to Volpone,—“Out, harlot!”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*;

“—— for the harlot king

“Is quite beyond mine arm.”

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's Translation of *Roy des ribaulx*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —I am advis'd—] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflexion and consideration. STEEVENS.

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
 Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could witness it, for he was with me then ;
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him ;
 And in his company, that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which
 He did arreſt me with an officer.
 I did obey ; and ſent my peafant home
 For certain ducats ; he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
 To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
 By the way we met
 My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
 Of vile confederates ; along with them
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man : this pernicious ſlave,
 Foſſooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd : then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;
 And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
 There I ſt me and my man, both bound together ;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediatly
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beſeech
 To give me ample ſatisfaction
 For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.
Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him ;
 That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But hath he ſuch a chain of thee or no ?

Ang.

Ang. He had, my Lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go, call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated⁶, or stark mad.

[Exit an Attendant]

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, Sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you Sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

⁶ — mated.] See p. 32. n. 5. MALONE.

And careful hours, with Time's deformed⁷ hand
Have written strange defeatures⁸ in my face :

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither ?

Ege. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, Sir ? but I am sure, I do not ; and what-
soever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him *.

Ege. Not know my voice ! O, time's extremity !

Halt thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?

Though now this grained face⁹ of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up ;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wailing lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :

All these old witnesses¹ (I cannot err)

Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st, we parted : but, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so ;

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,

⁷ — deformed] for deforming. STEEVENS.

⁸ — [strange defeatures] *defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature, marks of deformity*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

" — to cross the curious workmanship of nature,

" To mingle beauty with infirmities,

" And pure perfection with impure *defeature*." MALONE.

⁹ — [you are now bound to believe him.] Dromio is still quibbling on his favourite topic. See p. 62. MALONE.

¹ — [this grained face] i. e. furrow'd, like the grain of wood. So, in *Coriolanus* : " — my grained ash." STEEVENS.

¹ All these old witnesses—] By old witnesses, I believe, he means experienced, accusom'd ones, which are therefore less likely to err. So, in the *Tempest* :

" If these be true spies that I wear in my head " —. STEEVENS.

During

During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa :
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan and DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these : Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?

Dro. S. I, Sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

Dro. E. I, Sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

Dro. S. O, my old master ! who hath bound him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty :—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Æge. If I dream not², thou art Æmilia ;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum :
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,

² *If I dream not,—*] In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, follow the speech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The transposition was suggested by Mr. Steevens. It scarcely requires any justification. Ægeon's answer to Æmilia's adjuration would necessarily immediately succeed to it. Besides, as Mr. Steevens has observed, as these speeches stand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words before she has uttered them : The slight change now made renders the whole clear.

And these two Dromios, one in semblance³—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea⁴—

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, Sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious Lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle Mistrefs.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say, nay, to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother:—What I told you then,

I hope, I shall have leifure to make good:

If this be not a dream, I fee, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, Sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think, I did, Sir: I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you.

And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I fee, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arofe.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

³—*semblance*.] Is here a trisyllable. MALONE.

⁴—*of her wreck at sea*.] I suspect that a line following this has been lost; the import of which was, that *These circumstances all concurred to prove*—that These were the parents, &c. The line which I suppose to have been lost, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the same word, the omission might have been occasioned by the compositor's eye glancing from one to the other. MALONE.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
 To go with us into the abbey here,
 And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
 And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.—
 Twenty-five years⁵ have I but gone in travail
 Of you, my sons ; nor, till this present hour⁶,
 My heavy burdens are delivered :—
 'The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;
 After so long grief such nativity⁷ !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt DUKE, ABBESS, ÆGEON, COURTIER,
 MERCHANT, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :
 Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADR. and LUC.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother ;
 I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, Sir, you are my elder.

⁵ Twenty-five years—] The old copy reads—*thirty-three*. The emendation, which is Mr. Theobald's, is supported by a passage in the first Act—My youngest boy—At *eighteen* years, &c. compared with another in the present Act—But *seven* years since, &c. MALONE.

⁶ — nor, till this present hour,] The old copy reads—*and till*— The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ After so long grief such nativity !] We should surely read—*such festivity*. Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same in both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her, her sons were not born till now. —STEEVENS.

Dro. E. That's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior : till then, lead you first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus :

We came into the world, like brother and brother ;
and now let's go hand in hand, not one before another^s.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character ; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can see in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

The long doggerel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramatic poets before his time, in their comic pieces, to some of their inferior characters ; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found), among our author's earliest productions ; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly affected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned to deviate boldly from the common track." As these early pieces are now not easily met with, I shall subjoin a few extracts from some of them :

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

Reyfl. If your name to me you will declare and shoue,
You may in this matter my minde the sooner knowe.

Tof. Few wordes are best among friends, this is true,
Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.

Tom Tofspot it is, it need not to be printed,

Wherefore I with Raife Roister must needs be acquainted." &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.

[About 1570.]

Shif. By gogs aloud, my maisters, we were not best longer here to
" staie,

I thinke was never such a craftie knave before this daie. [*Ex. Ambo.*]

Cond. Are thei all gone ? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede :

By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeed.

Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinkes ; I'll meddle with them no more.

I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.

By your leave I'll be so bolde as to looke about me and spie,

Least any knaves for my coming down in ambush do lie.

" By

" By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
 " My tinklerly slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

" The wind is y^e blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
 " Here is nine and twentie futes of apparel for my share;
 " And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,
 " As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos sheweth any grace;
 " But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
 " They were wont to stave a day or two, now scarce an afternoone," &c.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

" You think I am going to market to buy rest meate, do ye not?
 " I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
 " I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
 " But I am going to a bloodsucker, and who is it? faith Usurie, that
 theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

" Quoth Nicenefs to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,
 " That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe.
 " And thou, quoth he, art so possessest with everie frantick toy,
 " That following of my ladie's humour thou dost make her coy.
 " For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sicke,
 " No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke:
 " To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold,
 " A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
 " To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk she will be bold,
 " To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold;
 " Now is she barefast to be seene, straight on her musler goes;
 " Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nussed to the nose."

See also *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Damon and Pythias*, &c. MALONE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.

Don John, his Bastard Brother.

Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.

*Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by
Don Pedro.*

Leonato, Governor of Messina.

Antonio, his Brother.

Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.

Borachio, } Followers of Don John.

Conrade, }

Dogberry, }

Verges, } two foolish Officers.

A Sexton.

A Friar.

A Boy.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.

Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.

Margaret, }

Ursula, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

S C E N E, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House.

*Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others, with
a Messenger.*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon
comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues
off when I left him.

Leon.

¹ The story is from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur. B. v.* POPE.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that somewhat resembling the
story of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*.
In Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 4. as remote an original may be
traced. A novel, however, of Belleforest, copied from another of
Bandello, seems to have furnished Shakspeare with his fable, as it ap-
proaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any
other performance known to be extant. I have seen so many versions
from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a
great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance
in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just men-
tioned, viz. the 18th history in the third volume, no translation has
hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationer's Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

Ariosto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado about Nothing*;
but I suspect our poet to have been satisfied with the *Gencura* of Turber-
ville. "The tale (says Harrington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath
bin written in *English* verse some few years past, learnedly and with
good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Ariosto*, fol. 1591. p. 39

FARMER.

I suppose

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort², and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath, indeed better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness³.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer⁴ than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd⁵ from the wars, or no?

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. Vol. i. MALONE.

² — of any sort,] i. e. of any kind. Sort, in our author's age, was often used for high rank, (see p. 71.) but it seems from the context to have here the same signification as at present MALONE.

³ — joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness. This is an idea which Shakspeare seems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*:

“ — my plenteous joys,

“ Wanten in fullness, seek to hide themselves

“ In drops of sorrow.” STEEVENS.

A badge being the distinguishing mark worn in our author's time by the servants of noblemen, &c. on the sleeve of their liveries, with his usual licence he employs the word to signify a mark or token in general. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood.” MALONE.

⁴ — no faces truer] That is, none bonester, none more sincere. JOHNSON.

⁵ — is Signior Montanto return'd:—] Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:
“ — thy reverie, thy distance, thy montant.” STEEVENS.

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any fort ⁶.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills ⁷ here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight ⁸: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt ⁹.—I pray you how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promise to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you ¹, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues ².

Beat.

⁶ — of any sort] i. e. of any quality above the common. WARBURTON.

⁷ He set up his bills, &c.] Beatrice means, that Benedick published a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—setting up bills like a bearward or fencer, what fights we shall have, and what weapons she will meet me at."

STEEVENS.

⁸ — challenged Cupid at the flight:] To challenge at the flight, was a challenge to shoot with an arrow. *Flight* means an arrow. STEEV.

The *flight*, which in the Latin of the middle ages was called *flecta*, was a flect arrow with narrow feathers, usually shot at rovers. See Bloom's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 64, edit. 1679. MALONE.

⁹ — at the bird-bolt.] A *bolt* seems to have been a general, though not an universal, term for an arrow. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. The word is still used in the common proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." That particular species of arrow which was employed in killing birds, was called a *bird-bolt*. MALONE.

The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. STEEVENS.

¹ — he'll be meet with you,] This a very common expression in the midland counties, and signifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you*.

STEEVENS.

² — stuff'd with all honourable virtues.] *Stuff'd*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards observes, that *Mede*, in his

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal³.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits⁴ went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference⁵ between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith⁶ but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block⁷.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books⁸.

Beat.

Discourses on Scripture, speaking of Adam, says, “—he whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities.” Edwards's MS. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*;

“——whom you know

“Of *stuff'd sufficiency*.” STEEVENS.

³ — *he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.*] Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuff'd man*; and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A *stuff'd man* was one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold. FARMER.

⁴ — *four of his five wits*—] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — *if he hath wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference, &c.*] Such a one has *wit enough to keep himself warm*, is a proverbial expression. To bear any thing for a *difference*, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia says: “—you may wear yours with a *difference*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *he wears his faith*—] Not religious profession, but *profession of friendship*. WARBURTON.

⁷ — *with the next block*.] A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. The old writers sometimes use the word *block*, for the hat itself. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *the gentleman is not in your books*.] This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. To be *in one's books* is to be in one's codicils or will, to be among friends set down for legacies. JOHNSON.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the visiting-books of the present age. It appears to have been anciently

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer⁹ now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meff. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

*Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others;
Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.*

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

ciently the custom to *chronicle the small beer* of every occurrence, whether literary or domestic, in *Table-books*.

It should seem from the following passage in the *Taming of the Shrew*, that this phrase might have originated from the *Herald's Office*:

"A herald, Kate! oh, put me in *thy books*!"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. No. 847, may be the best illustration:

"W. C. to Henry Fradsham, Gent. the owner of this book:

"Some write their fantasies in verse

"In *theire bookes* where they friendshippe shewe,

"Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearse

"The great good will that they do owe, &c." STEEVENS.

To be in a man's books originally meant, to be in the list of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandeville tell us, "alle the mynstrelles that come before the great Chan ben withholden with him, as of his household, and entered in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

A *servant* and a *lover*, in Cupid's Vocabulary, were synonymous. Hence perhaps the phrase—*to be in a person's books*—was applied equally to the lover and the menial attendant. MALONE.

"—*young squarer*—] A *squarer* I take to be a choleric, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense Shakspeare uses the word to *square*. So, in the *Misfomer Night's Dream*, it is said of Oberon and Titania, that they never meet but that they square. So the sense may be, *Is there no hot-blooded youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?*

JOHNSON.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge¹ too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself²:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick³? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

¹ — your charge—] That is, your burthen, your incumbrance. JOHNSON.

² Truly, the lady fathers herself:]

Sit suo similis patri
Manlio, et facile in sciiis
Noscitur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam suæ
Matris indicet ore. *Catul.* 57. MALONE.

³ — such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick?] A kindred thought occurs in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. 1.: "Our very priests must become mockers, if they encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are." STEEV.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you⁴: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were the other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this

⁴—*I thank you*:] The poet has judiciously marked the gloominess of Don John's character, by making him averse to the common forms of civility. Sir J. HAWKINS.

with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack⁵; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder⁶, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song⁷?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But, I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion⁸? Shall I never

⁵ — the flouting Jack:] *Jac'*, in our author's time, I know not why, was a term of contempt. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. i. A& iii: "— the prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup." Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"—— rascal fidler,

"And twangling *Jack*, with such vile terms, &c."

See in *Minsheu's Dict.* 1617, "A *Jack* sauce, or sauce *Jack*." See also Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, ver. 14816, and the note, edit. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

⁶ — to tell us Cupid is a good hair-finder, &c.] I believe no more is meant by those ludicrous expressions than this—Do you mean, says Benedick, to amuse us with improbable stories?

An ingenious correspondent, whose signature is R. W. explains the passage in the same sense, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible?—for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid a good hare-finder, and Vulcan (the God of fire) a good carpenter. In other words, would you convince me, whose opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being scorched?" STEEVENS.

I explain the passage thus: Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-sight; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter? TOLLET.

After such attempts at decent illustration, I am afraid that he who wishes to know why Cupid is a good hare-finder, must discover it by the assistance of many quibbling allusions of the same sort, about *hair* and *hoar*, in Mercutio's song in *Romeo and Juliet*, A& ii. COLLINS.

⁷ — to go in the song?] i. e. to join with you in your song. STEEV.

⁸ — wear his cap with suspicion?] That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. JOHNSON.

In the *Palace of Pleasure*, 8vo. 1566, p. 233, we have the following passage:

I never see a batchelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays⁹. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered¹.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

passage: "All they that wear *bornes*, be pardoned to wear their *cappes* upon their heads." HENDERSON.

In our author's time none but the inferior classes wore caps, and such persons were termed in contempt *flat-caps*. All gentlemen wore *bats*. Perhaps therefore the meaning is, Is there not one man in the world prudent enough to keep out of that state where he must live in apprehension that his *night-cap* will be worn occasionally by another. So; in *Othello*:

"For I fear Cassio with my *night-cap* too." MALONE.

⁹—*sigh away Sundays*.] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

The allusion is most probably to the strict manner in which the sabbath was observed by the *puritans*, who usually spent that day in *sighs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

¹ *Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.] Claudio, evading at first a confession of his passion, says; if I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next speech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick says, *God forbid it should be so*, i. e. God forbid he should even wish to marry her; Claudio replies, God forbid I should not wish it. STEEVENS.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will².

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead³, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric⁴, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument⁵.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat⁶, and shoot at

² — but in the force of his will.] Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools. WARBURTON.

³ — but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,] That is, I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow. A recheate is the sound by which dogs are called back. Shakspeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his horn is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON.

A recheate is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent; from the old French word *rechet*. HANMER.

⁴ — hang my bugle in an invisible baldric,] Bugle, i. e. bugle-horn—hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—or that I should be compelled to carry any horn that I must wish to remain invisible, and that I should be ashamed to hang openly in my belt or baldric. It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he carries his horns in his pocket. STEEV.

⁵ — notable argument.] An eminent subject for satire. JOHNSON.

⁶ in a bottle like a cat,] As to the cat and bottle, I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly suit with the text

at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam⁷.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke*⁸.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my Sign—*Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice⁹, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my house, (if I had it)—

text. In some counties of England, a cat was formerly closed up with foot in a wooden bottle, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

To foot at a cat in a wooden bottle, with its head only visible, might have been one of the cruel sports of our ancestors; for I find another kind of torment was formerly practised on this animal, at fairs, &c. So, in Braithwaite's *Strappado for the Devil*, 8vo. 1615; p. 164:

“—who'd not thither runne,

“As 'twere to whip the cat at Abington?” MALONE.

⁷—and call'd Adam.] Adam Bell was a noted outlaw, and celebrated for his archery. MALONE.

See *Ridiques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* Vol. i. p. 143. STEEVENS.

⁸ *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is taken from the *Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo*, &c. 1605. See a note on the last edit. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. xii. p. 387. STEEVENS.

The *Spanish Tragedy* was written and acted before 1593. MALONE.

⁹—if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice.] All modern writers agree in representing Venice in the same light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

D. Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments¹, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience²; and so I leave you.

[Exit BENEDICK.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,

¹— guarded with fragments,] *Guards* were ornamental laces or borders. STEEVENS.

²— ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience;] *Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This, I think, is the meaning; or it may be understood in another sense, *examine, if your sarcasms do not touch yourself.* JOHNSON.

Dr Johnson's latter explanation is, I believe, the true one. By *old ends* the speaker may mean the conclusion of letters commonly used in Shakspeare's time; "From my house this sixth of July, &c." So, in the conclusion of a letter which our author supposes Lucrece to write:

"So I commend me from our house in grief;

"My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

See *the Rape of Lucrece*, p. 547, edit. 1780, and the note there.

This kind of conclusion to letters was not obsolete in our author's time, as has been suggested. Michael Drayton concludes one of his letters to Drummond of Hawthornden in 1619, thus: "And so wishing you all happiness, I commend you to God's tuition, and rest your assured friend." So also Lord Salisbury concludes a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, April 7th, 1610, "—And so I commit you to God's protection."

Winwood's *Memorials*, iii. 147.

Old ends, however, may refer to the quotation that D. Pedro had made from the *Spanish Tragedy*. "Ere you attack me on the subject of love, with fragments of old plays, examine whether you are yourself free from its power." So King Richard:

"With odd *old ends*, stol'n forth of holy writ." MALONE.

Barnaby Googe thus ends his dedication to the first edition of *Palinogenius*, 12mo. 1560: "And thus committing your Ladiship with all yours to the tuition of the most merciful God, I ende, From Staple-inne at London, the eighte and twenty of March." REED.

That

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her : Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity³ :
Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lov'st⁴ ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leo. How now, brother ? Where is my cousin, your son ?
Hath he provided this music ?

³ *The fairest grant is the necessity.*] No one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. *WARR.*

⁴ — *once, thou lov'st ;*] *Once* has here, I believe, the force of — *once* for all. So, in *Coriolanus* : " *Once*, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him," *MALONE.*

Ant.

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley^s in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will fend for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage here.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year⁶, my Lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what

^s — a thick-pleached alley] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — good-year,] A corruption of *goujeres*, lues venerca. MALONE.

I am:

I am⁷: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour⁸.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace⁹; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

⁷ I cannot hide what I am:] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too fullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

⁸ — claw no man in his humour.] To *claw* is to flatter. So the pope's *claw-backs*, in bishop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The sense is the same in the proverb, *Mulus mulum scabit*. JOHNSON.

⁹ I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace:] A canker is the canker rose, *dog-rose*, *cynosbatus*, or *bip*. The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of *a rose in his grace*? JOHNSON.

The latter words are intended as an answer to what Conrade has just said—"he hath ta'en you newly into his *grace*, where it is impossible that you should take *root*, &c." In *Macbeth* we have a kindred expression:

"—— Welcome hither:

"I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour

"To make thee full of *growing*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI. P. iii*:

"I'll *plant* Plantagenet, *root* him up who dares." MALONE.

So in Shakespeare's 54th Sonnet:

"The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die,

"As the perfum'd tincture of the *rose*." STEEVENS.

D. John.

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference¹: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure², and will assist me.

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

¹—*sad conference:*] *Sad* in this, as in a former instance, signifies serious. STEEVENS.

²—*both sure,*] i e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others.

Leo. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after³.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse. Such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

³ — heart-burn'd an hour after.] The pain commonly called the heart-burn, proceeds from an acid humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enugh imputed to tart looks. JOHNSON.

Leo.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shews me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to Hero.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curt'sy, and say, *Father, as it please you:*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curt'sy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make man of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important⁴, tell him there is measure in every thing⁵, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding and repenting, is a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with

⁴ — *if the prince be too important,*] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *important*. See p. 22, n. 6. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *there is measure in every thing,*] *A measure* in old language, beside its ordinary meaning, signified also a *dance*. MALONE.

his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, mask'd.

Don Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend*?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case⁶!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove⁷.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*takes her aside.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

* — your friend?] *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term for a lover. So also in French and Italian. MALONE.

⁶ — the lute should be like the case!] i. e. that your face should be as homely and coarse as your mask. THEOBALD.

⁷ — *My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.*] The poet alludes to the story of Baucis and Philemon, who, as Ovid describes it, lived in a thatched cottage, (*stipulis et canna tecta palustri*), which received two gods (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. Don Pedro insinuates to Hero, that though his visor is but ordinary, he has something godlike within; alluding either to his dignity, or the qualities of his mind and person. THEOBALD.

The line of Ovid above quoted is thus translated by Golding, 1587:

"The roofe thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede."

MALONE.

Marg.

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen⁸.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand⁹ up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, man, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will not you tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*¹;—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat.

⁸—*Amen.*] When Benedick says, *the hearers may cry, amen*, we must suppose that he leaves Margaret, and goes in search of some other sport. Margaret utters a wish for a good partner. Balthazar, who is represented as a man of the fewest words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, desiring, as he says in the following short speech, to put himself to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

⁹—*his dry hand*] A dry hand was anciently regarded as the sign of a cold constitution. To this Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, alludes; Act i. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

¹—*Hundred Merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakspeare alludes; was an old translation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was published at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is said to have been written by some of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a translation of it prior to the time of Shakspeare. Of this collection there are frequent entries in the register of the Stationers' Company. The first I met with was in Jan. 1581. STEEVENS.

This

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders²: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy³; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.

[*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero; and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visitor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing⁴.

D. John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

This book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much repute, as appears from the mention of it in Laneham's Letter [concerning the entertainment at Kenelworth Castle]. It has been suggested to me, that there is no other reason than the word *hundred* to suppose this book a translation of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. REED.

²—*his gift is in devising impossible slanders:*] *Impossible* slanders are, I suppose, such slanders as, from their absurdity and impossibility, bring their own confutation with them. JOHNSON.

³—*his villainy;*] By which she means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, she insinuates, he *pleases* libertines; and by his *devising* slanders of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

⁴—*his bearing.*] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"How I may formally in person bear me,

"Like a true friar." STEEVENS.

D. John.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
'Tis certain so:—the prince woes for himself.
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.⁶
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain⁷? or under your arm,

⁵ *Therefore, all hearts in love, &c.*] *Let*, which is found in the next line, is understood here. MALONE.

⁶ ——— *beauty is a witch,*

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.] i. e. as wax when opposed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preserves the figure of the person whom it was designed to represent, but flows into a shapeless lump; so fidelity, when confronted with beauty, dissolves into our ruling passion, and is lost there like a drop of water in the sea. STEEVENS.

Blood, I think, means here *amorous desire*. So also in *the Merchant of Venice*: "The brain may devise laws for the blood, &c. MALONE.

⁷ — *usurer's chain*?] Chains of gold, of considerable value, were in our author's time usually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the same manner as they are now by the aldermen of London. See the *Parvian*, Act iii. sc. iii; *Alumazar*, Act i. sc. iii. and other pieces. REED.

arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into edges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so^s; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person⁹, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my Lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren¹; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your

Usury seems about this time to have been a common topic of invective. I have three or four dialogues, pasquils, and discourses on the subject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of these it appears, that the merchants were the chief usurers of the age. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicities of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three sortes of people, in respect of use in necessitie, may be accounted good:—*Merchantes*, for they may play the *usurers*, instead of the *Jewes*." Again, *ibid*. "There is a scarcitie of *Jewes* because *Christians* make an occupation of *usurie*." MALONE.

⁸—Tea, but so;] But hold; softly;—not so fast. MALONE.

⁹—it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her person,] That is, *It is the disposition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself.*

Base, though bitter. I do not understand how base and bitter are inconsistent, or why what is bitter should not be base. I believe, we may safely read, *It is the base, the bitter disposition.* JOHNSON.

The base though bitter, may mean, the ill-natured, though witty.

STEEVENS.

¹—as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;] A parallel thought occurs

your grace had got the good will of this young lady²; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

D. Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance³,
upon

occurs in the first chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet describing the desolation of Judah, says: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, &c." I am informed that near Aleppo, these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raised, should be regularly watched. I learn from Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that "so soone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, these lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From these forsaken buildings, it should seem, the prophet takes his comparison. STEEVENS.

² — *of this young lady;*] Benedick speaks of Hero as if she were on the stage. Perhaps both she and Leonato were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, she is spoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

I have regulated the entries accordingly. MALONE.

³ — *such impossible conveyance,*] I believe the meaning is — *with a rapidity equal to that of jugglers, who appear to perform impossibilities.* We

pon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: Her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até⁴ in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard⁵; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words con-

versation have the same epithet again in *Twelfth Night*:—"there is no Christian can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness." So, and says in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "I will examine impossible cases." Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"—Now bid me run,

"And I will strive with things impossible,

"And get the better of them."

Conceivance was the common term in our author's time for *sight of* MALONE.

Impossible may be licentiously used for *unaccountable*. Beatrice has already said, that Benedick invents *impossible* slanders. STEEVENS.

"—the infernal Até—The goddess of revenge. STEEVENS.

"—bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard;"] i. e. I will undertake the hardest task, rather than have any conversation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of these monarchs, but more particularly to the former. STEEVENS.

"Thou must goe to the citie of Babylon to the Admiral Gaudisse, bring me thy hand full of the heare of his beard, and foure of his sharpest teeth. Alas, my Lord, (quoth the Barron) we see well you desire greatly his death, when you charge him with such a message." *Huon Bourdeaux*, ch. 17. BOWLE.

ference

ference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it⁶, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange⁷, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and date upon the exchange.

⁶ — *I gave him use for it,*] *Use*, in our author's time, meant interest of money. MALONE.

⁷ — *civil as an orange,*] This conceit likewise occurs in Nashe's *Four Letters confuted*, 1593:—"for the order of my life, it is as civil as an orange." STEEVENS.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord; I thank it, poor fool *, it keeps on the windy side of care: my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance †!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd ‡; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit BEATRICE.*]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not

* — *poor fool*.] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. See *King Lear*, last scene; "And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

† *Good Lord for alliance*!] Claudio has just called Beatrice *cousin*. I suppose, therefore, the meaning is—Good Lord, here have I got a new kinsman by marriage. MALONE.

‡ *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd*;) What is it, to go to the world? perhaps, to enter by marriage into a settled state. Shakespeare, in *All's Well that ends Well*, uses the phrase *to go to the world* for marriage. But why is the unmarried lady *sun-burn'd*? JOHNSON.

I am sun-burnt may mean, I have lost my beauty, and am consequently no longer such an object as can tempt a man to marry.

STEEVENS.

[*There's little of the melancholy element in her*.] "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" says Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*. So, also in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." MALONE.

ever sad then ; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness², and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord : Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night ; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing ; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us : I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring Signior Benedick, and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection³, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopfullest husband that I know : thus far can I praise him ; he is of a no-

² — *she hath often dream'd of unhappiness,*] *Unhappiness* signifies a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill* :

" My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent :

" Yours are unhappy." WARBURTON.

³ — *into a mountain of affection,*] by a *mountain of affection*, I believe, is meant a great deal of affection. Thus, in *King Henry VIII.* " a sea of glory ;" in *Hamlet*, " a sea of troubles." Again, in Howel's *Hist. of Venice* : " though they see mountains of miseries heaped on ones's back." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors* : — the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has many phrases equally harsh. He who would hazard such expressions as *a storm of fortunes*, *a vale of years*, and *a tempest of provocation*, would not scruple to write *a mountain of affection*." MALONE.

ble strain⁴, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my Lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord: but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your Lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

⁴—of a noble strain,] i. e. descent, lineage. REED.

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal * both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio⁵; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.]

* —intend a kind of zeal—] To *intend* is often used by our author for to *pretend*. So, in *K. Rich. III.*:—"intend some fear." MALONE.

⁵ —term me Claudio;] Mr. Theobald proposes to read *Borachio*, instead of *Claudio*. How, he asks, could it displease Claudio to hear his mistress making use of his name tenderly? Or how could her naming *Claudio* make the prince and Claudio believe that she loved *Borachio*? MALONE.

I am not convinced that this exchange is necessary. *Claudio* would naturally resent the circumstance of hearing another called by his own name; because, in that case, baseness of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonness, of insult: and, at the same time he would imagine the person so distinguish'd to be *Borachio*, because *Don John* was previously to have informed both him and *Don Pedro*, that *Borachio* was the favoured lover. STEEVENS.

Claudio would naturally be enraged to find his mistress, Hero, (for such he would imagine Margaret to be) address *Borachio*, or any other man, by his name, as he might suppose that she called him by the name of *Claudio* in consequence of a secret agreement between them, as a cover, in case she were overheard; and he would know, without a possibility of error, that it was not *Claudio*, with whom in fact she conversed. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard⁶.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet⁷. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer⁸; his words are a very

⁶—in the orchard.] Orchard in our author's time signified a garden.

MALONE.

⁷—carving the fashion of a new doublet.] This folly, so conspicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comic writers. So in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617:—"We are almost as fantastical as the English gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of sheers in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut."

STEEVEN.

The English gentleman in the above extract alludes to a plate in Borde's *Introduction to Knowledge*. REED.

He is represented naked, with a pair of tailor's sheers in one hand, and a piece of cloth on his arm, with the following verses:

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,

"Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were,

"For now I will ware this, and now I will were that,

"Now I will were I cannot tell what." &c.

See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 17. MALONE.

⁸—orthographer.] The old copies read—*orthography*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wife; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wife, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God⁹. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Exit*]

*Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, and
BALHAZAR.*

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good Lord:—How still the evening is.
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my Lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox¹ with a penny-worth.

D. Pedro.

⁹ — and her hair shall be of what colour it please, &c.] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of Shakspeare, that of *dying the hair*. *Stubbs* in his *anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, speaking of the attires of women's heads, says, "If any have haire of her owne, naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they die it in diuers colours." STEEVENS.

Or he may allude to the fashion of wearing *false hair*, "of whatever colour it pleased God." So, in a subsequent scene: "I like the new time within, if the *hair* were a thought browner." *Fines Moryson*, describing the dress of the ladies of Shakspeare's time, says, Gentlewomen virgins wear gownes close to the body, and aprons of fine linnen, and go bareheaded, with their hair curiously knotted, and raised at the forehead, but many (against the cold, as they say,) weare caps of hair that is not their own." See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. MALONE.

¹ — we'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth] i. e. we will be even with the fox now discovered. So the word *kid* or *kiddle* signifies in Chaucer. *Romaunt of the Rose*, 2172. GREY.

It is not impossible but that Shakspeare chose on this occasion to employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor should choose

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks:
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting²!

Benc. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravish'd—Is it
not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men's
bodies—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. sings. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

to read—*hid fox*, he may observe that Hamlet has said—" *Hide fox*,
and all after." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads, as Mr. Steevens proposes. MALONE.

² — and noting!] The old copies read—*nothing*. The correction was
made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*to Claudio*!—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. [*Exit BALTHAZAR.*

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits! [*aside to Don Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection—it is past the infinite of thought³.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit

³ — *Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits*] This is an allusion to the *stalking horse*; a horse either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently shelter'd himself from the sight of the game. STEEVENS.

So in *New Shreds of the Old Swan*, by John Gee, 4to. 's. 13: "—Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fenne countries and else-where, that doo shoot at woodcockes, snipes, and wilde fowle, by sneaking behind a painted cloth, which they carrey before them, having pictured in it *the shape of a horse*; which while the silly fowle gazeth on is knockt downe with hale shot, and so put in the fowler's budget." REED.

⁴ — *but that she loves him with an enraged affection—it is past the infinite of thought.*] The plain sense is, *I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: It* (this affection) is past the infinite of thought. *Infinite* is used by more careful writers for *indefinite*:

feit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*aside.*]

Leon. What effects, my Lord! She will sit you—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my Lord: especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*aside.*]

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I, says she, that have so often encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper^s:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Malone: and the speaker only means, that *thought*, though in itself unbounded, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion.

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, *but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.* MALONE.

^s This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—] Shakspeare has more than once availed himself of such incidents as occurred to him from history, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A striking instance of flattery to James occurs in *Macbeth*; perhaps the passage here quoted was not less grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell.

"I am naked, and ganging to sleep, and zit I cease not to scribble all this paper, in so meikle as rest is thair of" *That is*, I am naked, and going to sleep, and yet I cease not to scribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. HENLEY.

Leon. O,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence⁶; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for, I should flout him, if he writ to me; yet, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy^{*} hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself: It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wisdom and blood⁷ combating so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

⁶ O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;] i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. So, in *As you Like it*:—"they were all like one another, as half-pence are." THEOBALD.

See *Mortimeriados*, by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

"She now begins to write unto her lover,—

"Then turning back to read what she had writ,

"She teyrs the paper, and condemns her wit."

MALONE.

A *farthing*, and perhaps a *half-penny*, was used to signify any small particle or division. So, in the character of the *Prior* in *Chaucer*:

"That in hire cuppe was no *ferthing* sene

"Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hire draught."

Prose to the Cant. Tales, late edit. v. 135. STEEVENS.
* — and the ecstasy] *Ecstasy* formerly signified a violent perturbation of mind. So, in *Macbeth*.—"in restless ecstasy." MALONE.

⁷ — wisdom and blood—] *Blood* is here as in many other places used by our author in the sense of *passion*, or rather *temperament of body*.

MALONE.

D. Pedro.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me: I would have daff'd^s all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for, she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit⁹.

Claud. He is a very proper man*.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like it.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord; let her wear it out, with good counsel.

^s—have daff'd—] To *daff* is the same as to *doff*, to do off, to put aside. STEEVENS.

⁹—contemptible spirit.] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with Sir T. Hanmer to *contemptuous*. JOHNSON.

In the argument to *Darius*, a tragedy, by Lord Sterling, 1603, it is said, that *Darius* wrote to *Alexander* "in a proud and contemptible manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous*.

STEEVEN.

*—a very proper man.] i. e. a very handsome man. MALONE.

Leon.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*aside.*]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him to dinner. [*aside.*]

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*]

Bene. [*advancing.*] 'This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne¹.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent². Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me;—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

¹ — *was sadly borne*] i. e. was seriously carried on. STEEVENS.

² — *have the full bent*] A metaphor from archery. So, in *Hamlet*:
"They fool me to the top of my bent." MALONE.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio¹;
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

¹ Proposing with the prince and Claudio:] *Proposing* is conversing, from the French word—*propos*, discourse, talk. STEEVENS.

Against

Against that power that bred it :—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose² : This is thy office ;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick :
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit :
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice : Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin ;

Enter BEATRICE behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait ;
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the lower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful :
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards³ of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam ?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman

² — our propose :] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our purpose.
Propose is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

³ — as haggards—] The wildest of the hawk species. MALONE.

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed ⁴,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising ⁵ what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urf. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward ⁶: if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot ⁷: if tall, a lance ili-headed;

If

⁴ — as full, as fortunate a bed.] Full is used by our author and his contemporaries for absolute, complete, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, "the fullest man and worthiest;" and in *Othello*, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) "What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" MALONE.

⁵ Misprising—] Despising, contemning. JOHNSON.

To misprize is to undervalue, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

⁶ — spell him backward:] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers.

The following passage, containing a similar train of thought, is from Lilly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1581, p. 44. b:—"if he be cleanly, they [women] term him proude; if meene in apparel, a sloven; if tall, a lungis; if short, a dwarfe; if bold, blunte; if shamefast, a coward; &c. P. 55. If she be well set, then call her a bosse; if slender, a basil twig; if she be pleasant, then is she wanton; if fullen, a clowne; if honest, then is she coye." STEEVENS.

⁷ If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,

Made a foul blot:] The antic was a buffoon character in the old English farces, with a blacked face, and a patch-work habit. What I would observe from hence is, that the name of antic or antique, given to this character, shews that the people had some traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the ancient mimes, who are thus described by Apuleius, "*mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti*." WARBURTON.

I believe what is here said of the old English farces, is said at random. Dr. Warburton was thinking, I imagine, of the modern Harlequin.

I have

If low, an agate very vilely cut⁸ ;
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds⁹ ;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
 As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable ;
 But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me

I have met with no proof that the face of the antic or vice of the old English comedy was blackened. By the word *black* in the text, is only meant, as I conceive, swarthy, or dark brown. MALONE.

⁸ *If low, an agate very vilely cut :*] Dr. Warburton reads *agate*, which was adopted, I think, too hastily, by the subsequent editors. I see no reason for departing from the old copy. Shakspeare's comparisons scarcely ever answer completely on both sides. Dr. Warburton asks, "What likeness is there between a little man and an *agate*?" No other than that both are *small*. Our author has himself in another place compared a *very little* man to an *agate*. "Thou whorson mandrake, (says Falstaff to his *page*,) thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never so *man'd* with an *agate* till now"—*Hero* means no more than this: "If a man be low, Beatrice will say that he is as diminutive and unhappily formed as an ill-cut agate."

It appears both from the passage just quoted, and from one of Sir John Harrington's epigrams, 4to. 1618, that agates were commonly worn in Shakspeare's time :

THE AUTHOR TO A DAUGHTER NINE YEARS OLD.

"Though pride in damsels is a hateful vice,
 "Yet could I like a noble-minded girl,
 "That would demand me things of costly price,
 "Rich velvet gowns, pendants, and chains of pearls.
 "Cark'nets of agats, cut with rare device," &c.

These lines, at the same time that they add support to the old reading, shew, I think, that the words "*vilely cut*," are to be understood in their usual sense, when applied to precious stones, viz. *awkwardly wrought by a tool*, and not, as Mr. Steevens supposed, *grotesquely veined by nature*. MALONE.

⁹ — *a vane blown with all winds :*] This comparison might have been borrowed from an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *A comparison of the life of man :*

"I may compare a *man* againe
 "Even like unto a *twining vaine*,
 "That changeth even as doth the wind ;
 "Indeed so is man's feeble mind." STEEVENS.

Out

Out of myself, press me to death¹ with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks² ;
Which is as bad as die with tickling³.

Urf. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion :
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy ; Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument⁴, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, Madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to-morrow : Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires ; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

¹ — *press me to death*—] The allusion is to an ancient punishment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on those persons, who, being indicted, refused to plead. In consequence of their silence, they were pressed to death by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. This punishment the good sense and humanity of the legislature have within these few years abolished. MALONE.

² *It were a better death than die with mocks* ;] Thus the quarto. So before : " To wish him *wrestle* with affection." The folio reads—a better death to die with mocks. MALONE.

³ — *with tickling*.] The author meant that *tickling* should be pronounced as a trisyllable ; *tickeling*. So, in Spenser's *F. Q.* b. ii. c. 12.

" — a strange kind of harmony ;

" Which Gayon's senses softly *ticked*, &c. MALONE.

⁴ — *argument*.] This word seems here to signify *discourse*, or, the powers of reasoning. JOHNSON.

Urf.

Urf. She's limed⁵, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA. BEATRICE advances.*]

Beat. What fire is in mine ears⁶? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand⁷;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve: and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new

⁵ *She's limed,*] She is ensnared and entangled, as a sparrow with birdlime. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*She's ta'en.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *What fire is in mine ears?*] Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talking of them.

WARBURTON.

The opinion from whence this proverbial saying is derived, is of great antiquity, being thus mentioned by Pliny: "Moreover is not this an opinion generally received that when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence doo talke of us." P. Holland's *Translation*. B. xxviii. p. 277. See also Brown's *Vulgar Errors*. REED.

⁷ *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as baggards of the rock; she therefore says, that wild as her heart is, she will tame it to the hand. JOHNSON.

coat,

coat, and forbid him to wear it⁸. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him⁹; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks¹.

Benc. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Benc. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Benc. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Benc. Well, every one can master a grief² but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy³ in him, un-

⁸—as to *show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"As is the night before some festival,

"To an impatient child, that hath new robes,

"And may not wear them." STEEVENS.

⁹—*the little hangman dare not shoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney:

"Millions of years this old drivel Cupid lives;

"While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:

"Till now at length that Jove him office gives,

"(At Juno's suite, who much did Argus love,)

"In this our world a *hangman* for to be.

"Of all these fooles that will have all they see."

B. ii. ch. 14 FARMER.

¹—as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; &c.] A covert allusion to the old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh,

"So the bell clinketh." STEEVENS.

²—can master a grief—] The old copies read corruptly—cannot. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³There is no appearance of fancy, &c.] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakspeare uses for love as well as for humour, caprice, or agitation. JOHNSON.

less it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops⁴; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet^{*}: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat o'mornings; What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls⁵.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string⁶, and now govern'd by slops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

⁴ — all slops;] *Slops are loose breeches.* STEEVENS.

^{*} — no doublet:] Or, in other words, all cloak.

The words—"Or in the shape of two countries," &c. to "no doubt," were omitted in the folio, probably to avoid giving any offence to the Spaniards, with whom James became a friend in 1604. MALONE.

⁵ — and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.] So, in *A Wonderful-Prophecy for this Year of our Lord 1591*, written by Nashe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey:—"they may sell their haire by the pound to *stiffe tennice balles.*" STEEVENS.

⁶ — crept into a lute string—] Love-songs in our author's time were generally sung to the music of the lute. So, in *King Henry IV. P. 2*. "—as melancholy as an old lion, or a lover's lute." MALONE.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions⁷; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards⁸.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old Signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt BENE. and LEONATO.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My Lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your Lordship to be marry'd to-morrow?

[*To Claudio.*]

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

⁷ — *in ill conditions*:] i. e. qualities. MALONE.

⁸ *She shall be buried with her face upwards*] Mr. Theobald's emendation [with her heels upwards] appears to be very specious. The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety. JOHNSON.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in *The Wild Goose Chase* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—if I die o' th' first fit, I am unhappy,

"And worthy to be buried with my heels upwards."

The passage, indeed, may mean only—*She shall be buried in her lover's arms*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Flo. What? like a corse?

"Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;

"Not like a corse:—o' if,—not to be buried,

"But quick, and in my arms. STEEVENS.

This last is, I believe, the true interpretation. Our author often quotes Lilly's Grammar; (see p. 268.) and here perhaps he remembered a phrase that occurs in that book, p. 59, and is thus interpreted:—"Tu cubas supinus, thou liest in bed with thy face upwards."—Heels and face never could have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. Besides, Don Pedro is evidently playing on the word *dies* in Claudio's speech, which Claudio uses metaphorically, and of which Don Pedro avails himself to introduce an allusion to that consummation which he supposes Beatrice was dying for. MALONE.

D. John.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know,

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in deafness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero?

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

⁹ *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*] Dryden has transplanted this sarcasm into his *All for Love*: "Your Cleopatra; Dido's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra." STEEVENS.

D. John.

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Ver. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Ver. Well, give them their charge¹, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most defartless man to be constable?

1st. Watch. Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name; to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2d. Watch. Both which, master constable,——

Dog. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2d. Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dog. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets;

¹ — give them their charge.] It appears from several of our old comedies, that to charge his fellows was a regular part of the duty of the constable of the Watch. MALONE.

for,

for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2d. Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

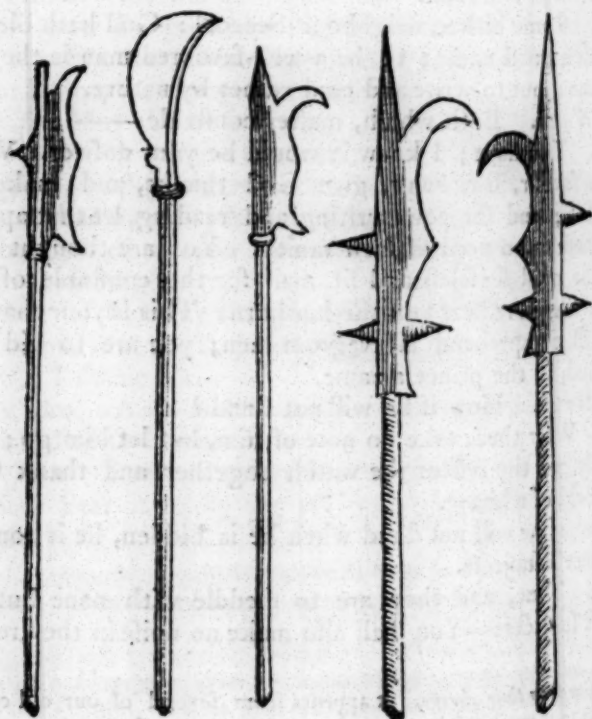
Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen²:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2d. Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

² — *bills be not stolen:*] A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temple, gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds. It may be called *securis falcata*. JOHNSON.

The following are examples of ancient *bills*.



2d. Watch. Well, Sir,

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2d. Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night^a, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2d. Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

^a If you hear a child cry, &c.] It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among these I find the following:

22. "No man shall blowe any horn in the night, within this cittie, or whistle after the hour of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment.

23. "No man shall use to goe with visoures, or disguised by night, under like paine of imprisonment.

24. "Made that night-walkers, and eyisdroppers like punishment.

25. "No hammer-man, as a smith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great found, shall not worke after the houre of nyne at the night, &c.

30. "No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine out-cry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or servant, or singing, or revyling in his house, to the disturbance of his neighbours, under payne of li. s. iii d. &c. &c."

Ben Jonson appears to have ridiculed this scene in the Induction to his *Bartolomew-Faire*: "And then a substantial watch to have stole in upon 'em and taken them away with *mistaking words*, as the fashion is in the stage practice." STEEVENS.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may slay him.

Ver. Nay, by'r-lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may slay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to slay a man against his will.

Ver. By'r-lady, I think, it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own *, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2d. Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade—

2d. Watch. Peace, stir not. [Aside.]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2d. Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

* — keep your fellows' counsels and your own,] This is part of the oath of a grand jurymen; and is one of many proofs of Shakspeare's having been very conversant, at some period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of justice. MALONE.

Bora.

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd⁴: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

1st. Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting⁵; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window: sometime, like the shaven Hercules⁶ in the⁷ smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window,

⁴ — *unconfirm'd*:] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world.

WARBURTON.

⁵ — *reechy painting*;] is painting stain'd by smoke; from *Recan*, Anglo-Saxon, to *see*; *junare*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *sometime, like the shaven Hercules, &c.*] I believe that Shakspeare by the *shaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when shaven to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. Had the *shaven Hercules* been meant to represent Sampson, [as Mr. Warburton supposed,] he would probably have been equipped with *jaw-bone* instead of a *club*. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *smirch'd*] *Smirch'd* is soiled, obscured. So, in *As you Like it*:

"And with a kind of umber *smirch* my face." STEEVENS.

bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1st. Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2d. Watch. Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1st. Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock⁸.

Con. Masters, masters—

2d. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1st. Watch. Never speak; we charge you; let us obey you to go with us⁹.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills*.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

⁸ — wears a lock.] See Dr. Warburton's Note, Act v. sc. i.

STEVENS.

⁹ Never speak; &c.] These words in the old copies are by the mistake of the transcriber or printer given to Conrade. The present regulation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

* a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.] Here is a cluster of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly as now, the usual term for an article of merchandise. To *take up*, besides its common meaning, (to apprehend) was the phrase for obtaining goods on credit. "If a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, (says Falstaff,) then they must stand upon security." *Bill*, was the term both for a single bond, and a halberd.

We have the same conceit in *K. Henry VI.* P. ii. "My Lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills."

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit URSULA.]

Mar. Troth, I think, your other rabato^{*} were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, it's not so good: and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner^{*}: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the dutchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Mar. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, your's is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Mar. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Mar. Of what, Lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saying your reverence,—*a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—

^{*} *— rabato*] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff.
Fr. *Rabat*. Menage saith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turned back towards the shoulders. T. HAWKINS.

^{*} *— if the hair were a thought browner :*] See p. 102, note 9.

MALONE.

the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light and not heavy: Ask my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Re-enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap us into *Light o'love*²; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o'love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns³.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill;—hey ho!

² *Light o'love*;] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS. and it is as follows:



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

³ — *no barns*,] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ⁴?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H ⁵.

Mar. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk ⁶, there's no more falling by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Mar. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hera. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold!

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a quaim.

Hera. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral ⁷ in this Benedictus.

⁴ — hey ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?] "*Heigh ho for a husband,*" or the willing maid's wants made known," is the title of an old ballad in the Pepysian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge.

MALONE.

⁵ For the letter that begins them all, H.] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation. Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice answers, for an *H*, that is, for an ache or pain. JOHNSON.

⁶ — turn'd Turk,] Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his fortune's turning Turk. To turn Turk was a common phrase for a change of condition or opinion. STEEVENS.

⁷ — some moral—] That is, some secret meaning, like the moral of a fable. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly the true one, though it has been doubted. In the *Rape of Lucrece* our author uses the verb to moralize in the same sense:

"Nor could she moralize his wanton sight."

i.e. investigate the latent meaning of his looks.

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "— and has left me here beheld, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens."

MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r-lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o'thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging^s: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE V.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, DOGBERRY, and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Ver. Yes, in truth, it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, Sir, speaks a little of the matter:

^s — *he eats his meat without grudging:*] Perhaps, to eat meat without grudging, was the same as to do as others do, and the meaning is, he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, "and yet now, in spite of his resolution to the contrary, he feeds on love, and likes his food." MALONE.

an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were! but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows².

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*¹, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Ver. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Ver. Marry, Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see²!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well God's a good man³; An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind⁴:—An honest soul, i'faith, Sir; by my

²—*honest as the skin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

¹—*palabras.*] So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker says, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words. A scrap of Spanish, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

²It is a world to see!] i. e. it is wonderful to see. The same phrase often occurs with the same meaning in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

³—well, God's a good man;] This expression (as Mr. Steevens has shown) frequently occurs in the old *Moralities*. MALONE.

⁴*An two men ride, &c.*] This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of superior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, observes, that of two men on an horse, one must ride behind. The first place of rank or understanding can belong but to one, and that happy one ought not to despise his inferior. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have caught this idea from the common seal of the Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one horse*. An engraving of the seal is preserved at the end of Matt. Paris Hist. Ang. 1640. STEEVENS.

troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, Sir: our watch, Sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Ver. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead.*] shall drive some of them to a non-com^s: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

^s — *t*, a non-com:] i. e. to a *non compos mentis*; put them out of their wits:—or perhaps he confounds the term with *non-plus*. MALONE.

Friar.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, Friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing¹, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar:—Father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shews? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed²:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

¹—*some be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*.

JOHNSON.

²—*luxurious bed:*] That is, *lascivious*. *Luxury* is the confessor's term for unlawful pleasures of the sex. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

"To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers." STEEVENS.

Leon.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own proof³
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity—

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large⁴:
But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming⁵! I will write against it⁶:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud⁷ ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
'Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

³ Dear my Lord, if you in your own proof] In your own proof may signify in your own trial of her. TIRWHITT.

Dean, like door, fire, hour, and many similar words, is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

⁴ — word too large;] So he uses large jests in this play, for licentious, not restrained within due bounds. JOHNSON.

⁵ — thy seeming.] The old copies have thee. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. In the next line Shakspeare probably wrote—seem'd. MALONE.

⁶ I will write against it:] So in Cymbeline Posthumus, speaking of women, says,

“ ——— I'll write against them,

“ Detest them, curse them.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — chaste as is the bud] Before the air has tasted its sweetness.

JOHNSON.

Claud.

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my Lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power⁸
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd Count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain⁹,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my Lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty Lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been¹⁰
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell!
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

⁸ — kindly power.] That is, natural power. Kind is nature. JOHNS.

⁹ — liberal villain.] Liberal here, as in many places of these plays,
means, frank beyond modesty or decency. Free of tongue. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ What a Hero hadst thou been.] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word Hero. JOHNSON.

And

And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang²,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious³.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me⁴?

[HERO *swoons*.]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go; these things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*]

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—

Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood⁵?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame⁶?

² — *shall conjecture hang,*] *Conjecture* is here used for *suspicion*.

MALONE.

³ *And never shall it more be gracious.*] i. e. lovely, attractive.

MALONE.

⁴ *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*]

“A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!

“And have not I friend to stick one here?”

Venice Preserv'd. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The story that is printed in her blood?*] That is, the story which her blushes discover to be true. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *frugal nature's frame?*] *Frame* is contrivance, order, disposition of things. So afterwards: “—in frame of villainies.” STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is,—Grieved I at Nature's being so frugal as to have framed for me only one child? MALONE.

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who smeared thus, and mired with infamy,
 I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
 But mine, and mine I lov'd⁷, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why, she,—O, she, is fallen
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient:
 For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two Princes lie? and Claudio lie?
 Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal do warrant
 The tenor of my book⁸; trust not my age,

⁷—and mine I lov'd,] i. e. mine *that* I loved. JOHNSON.
⁸—of my book;] i. e. of what I have read. MALONE.

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet Lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, or torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;⁹
And if their wisdoms be mislaid in this,
The practice of it lives in John the ballard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this cause.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead¹;

⁹ — bent of honour;] *Bent* is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent*. The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

¹ Your daughter here the princes left for dead;] The old copies have *princefs*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE. Let

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed :
Maintain a mourning ostentation² ;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leor. What shall become of this ? What will this do ?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer : for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value³ ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours :—So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accus'd her ;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the Lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :

² — *ostentation* ;] Show ; appearance. JOHNSON.

³ — *we rack the value* ;] We exaggerate the value. The allusion is to *rack-rents*. The same kind of thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ What our contempts do often hurl from us,

“ We wish it ours again.” STEEVENS.

And

And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me ⁴.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, Lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* FRIAR, HERO, and LEONATO.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Bene. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that
would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

⁴ — *the smallest twine may lead me.*] This is one of our author's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Exeunt, &c.*] The poet, in my opinion, has shewn a great deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero: and without this very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Edm.

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; you believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in an happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewel.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here⁶;—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain⁷, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O,

⁶ *I am gone, though I am here:] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in person before you. STEEVENS.*

Or, perhaps, my affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet here. MALONE.

⁷ *—in the height a villain,] So, in King Henry VIII.*

“He's traitor to the height.”
In praecepti vitium stetit. STEEVENS.

that

that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties⁸! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect⁹; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too¹: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁸ — *ana counties!*] *County* was the ancient general term for a nobleman. See note on the *County Paris* in *Romeo and Juliet*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *a goodly count-comfect*] i. e. a specious nobleman made out of sugar. STEEVENS.

¹ — *and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too;*] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he mistakes the construction of the sentence, which is—not only men, but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only common but clever men, &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns² :
BORACHIO, CONRADE, and the Watch.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appear'd ?

Ver. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton * !

Sex. Which be the malefactors ?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ; let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Play write down — Borachio. — Yours, Sirrah ?

Con. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down — master gentleman Conrade. — Masters, do you serve God ?

Con. Bora. Yea, Sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down — that they hope they serve God : — and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains³ ! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little

² — in gowns :] It appears from *The Black Book*, 4to, 1604, that this was the dress of a constable in our author's time : " — when they mist their constable, and sawe the black gowne of his office lye full in a puddle — "

The sexton (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observed) is styled in this stage-direction, in the old copies, *the Town-clerk*, " probably from his doing the duty of such an officer." But this error has only happened here ; for throughout the scene itself he is described by his proper title. By mistake also in the quarto, and the folio, which appears to have been printed from it, the name of Kempe (an actor in our author's theatre) throughout this scene is prefixed to the speeches of Dogberry, and that of Cowley to those of Verges, except in two or three instances, where either *Constable* or *Andrew* are substituted for Kempe. MALONE.

* O, a stool and a cushion for the Sexton.] Perhaps a ridicule was here aimed at *The Spanish Tragedy* :

" Hieron. What, are you ready ?

" Balb. Bring a chaire and a cushion for the king. MALONE.

³ Write down, &c. [This passage, which was omitted in the folio, was reduced by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, Sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, Sirrah; a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the esteest way⁴:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

1st. Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master Constable—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

2d. Watch. Marry that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

1st. Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

2d. Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Mas-

⁴ The omission of this passage since the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the sacred name being justly used four times in one line. BLACKSTONE

⁴ — the esteest way:] Dogberry means *deftest*; i. e. the most fit and commodious way. MALONE.

ter Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Ver. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb^s!

Dog. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an afs!—but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety as shall be proved upon thee by good witnesses: I am a wife fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an afs! [Exeunt.

[Off, coxcomb!] The old copies read—*of*, and these words make a part of the last speech, "Let them be in the hand *of* coxcomb." The present regulation was made by Dr. Warburton, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors. *Off* was formerly spelt *of*. See p. 149, n. 1. in the early editions of these plays a broken sentence (like that before us, "Let them be in the hands"—) is almost always corrupted by being tacked, through the ignorance of the transcriber or printer, to the subsequent words. So in *Coriolanus*, instead of

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er!

we have in the folio, 1623, and the subsequent copies,

You shames of Rome, you! Herd of boils and plagues, &c.

See also *Measure for Measure*.

Perhaps however we should read and regulate the passage thus:

Ver. Let them be in the hands of—[*the law*, he might have intended to say.]

Con. Coxcomb! MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before Leonato's House.**Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
In sorrow wag; cry hem, when he should groan¹;

Patch

¹ In *sorrow wag; cry hem, when he should groan;*] This is one of those passages from which an editor can hardly escape without censure. The old copies read:

And sorrow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan.

To print absolute nonsense is surely no part of his duty. To substitute any word in the room of those furnished by ancient copies (though it functioned in some measure by the numerous emendations which at various times have been happily made,) is certainly undesirable: yet at all hazards one would wish for some glimmering of meaning. To obtain this, Dr. Johnson printed this line thus (in which he has been followed in the late editions):

And, sorrow, wag, cry; hem when he should groan;
but this punctuation (to say nothing of the *unexampled* harshness of such a phraseology) is certainly inadmissible; it appearing from a passage in *K. Henry IV.* and from other examples, that to "cry hem" was in our author's time a cant term of festivity. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note below. Again, in *As you Like it*:—"If I could cry hem, and have him." On the other hand, to cry woe is used in the *Winter's Tale* to denote grief. So also, in *K. Richard III*:

"You

With grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters² ; bring him yet to me,

And

" You live, that shall cry *woe* for this hereafter."

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. *And* and *In*, hastily or indistinctly pronounced, might have been easily confounded, supposing (what there is great reason to believe) that these plays were copied for the press by the ear ; and by this slight change clear sense is given, the latter part of the line being a paraphrase on the foregoing. So afterwards : " Charm ach with air, and agony, &c." This emendation may derive some support from *K. Henry V.* edit. 1623, where we find

So many a thousand actions once a foot

And in one purpose—

instead of—*End* in one purpose ; the transcriber's ear having deceived him, as I suppose it did in the present instance.

With respect to the word *wag*, the using it as a verb, in the sense of *play the wag*, is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. There is scarcely one of his plays in which we do not find substantives used as verbs. Thus we have—to testimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to paper, to page, to dram, to stage, to fever, to fool, to palate, to mountebank, to god, to virgin, to passion, to monster, to history, to fable, to wall, to period, to spaniel, to stranger, &c. &c.

I shall subjoin the conjectures of Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Steevens on this difficult passage, as the emendations suggested by them depart very little from the old copies. The reading proposed by the latter gentleman (*And, sorry wag, &c.*) appears so probable, that I know not whether it has not as good a title to a place in the text as that which I have adopted. Let me however observe, that, though the punctuation of the old copies is of no great authority, yet in so doubtful a matter as the present it may be worth attending to. In both the quarto and folio there is a comma after *sorrow*, which, though unnecessary, is not inconsistent with the emendation now made, but entirely adverse to the supposition that that word was a misprint for any epithet applied to *wag*.

For the latter word Mr. Theobald reads *wage*, and Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton *waive*.

The following errors of the press, in the old copies, which I had not observed, when this note was written, incline me to prefer Mr. Steevens's emendation of this passage [*And, sorry wag, &c.*] to my own. In *Cymbeline*, A& v. sc. ult. we find in the original copy, " I am *sorrow* for thee," instead of " I am sorry," &c. And in one of the quarto copies of *K. Lear*, printed in 1603, the same misprint is found in A& iv. l. vii.

" ——— I am only *sorrow*

" He had no other deathfman."

The other quarto, printed in the same year, and also the folio, read

" I am only sorry," &c.

The word *wag*, as a substantive, however unfuitable to the gravity of the speaker, may be also confirmed by a passage in *Cymbeline* :

Vol. IV,

H

" ——— change

And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man : For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief

“ ——— change fear and niceness

“ ——— into a *waggish* courage,

“ Ready in *gibes*, quick-answer’d, saucy,” &c.

i. e. to the courage of a gay, lively, young fellow, one who would
“ cry hem, when he should groan. MALONE.

I think we might read—

And sorrow *gagge*; cry hem, when he should groan;”—
but leaving this conjecture to shift for itself, I will say a few words
on the phrase, *cry hem*. It is used again by our author in the *First*
Part of Henry IV. Act ii. sc. vii. “They call drinking deep, *dying*
c arlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they *cry hem*, and bid
you play it off.”—In both places to *cry hem*, seems to signify the same
as to *cry courage*; in which sense the interjection *hem* was sometimes
also used by the Latins. TYRWHITT.

What will be said of the conceit I shall now offer, I know not; let it,
however, take its chance. We might read :

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard :

And, *sorry* wag! cry hem, when he should groan.—

i. e. *unfeeling humourist!* to employ a note of *festivity*, when his *soul*
ought to express concern. Both the words I would introduce, are used by
Shakspeare. Falstaff calls the prince, *sweet wag!* and the epithet *sorry*
is applied, even at this time, to denote any moderate deviation from
propriety or morality; as, for instance, a *sorry fellow*. Othello speaks
of a salt and *sorry* rheum. STEEVENS.

² ——— make misfortune drunk.

With candle-wasters; } This may mean, either wash away his sor-
row among those who sit up all night to drink, and in that sense may
be styled *wasters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by swallow-
ing flap-dragons in his glass, which are described by Falstaff as made
of candles’ ends. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult passage, and hath not, I think, been satisfac-
torily explained. The explanation I shall offer, will give, I believe,
as little satisfaction; but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-wasters*
is a term of contempt for scholars; thus Jonson in *Cynthia’s Revels*,
Act iii. sc. ii.—“spoiled by a whorison book-worm, a *candle-waster*.”
In the *Antiquary*, Act iii. is a like term of ridicule: “He should more
catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-
biters, *lamp-wasters* of them all.” The sense then, which I would as-
sign to Shakspeare, is this: “If such a one will patch grief with pro-
verbs,—*case or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial sayings*;
—make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters,—*stupify misfortune, or ren-
der himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or incubations*
of scholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature. Patch,
in the sense of mending a defect or breach, occurs in *Hamlet*, Act v. sc. ii.

O that the earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, to expel the winter’s flaw. WHALLEY.

Which

Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
 No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement³.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee peace; I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 However they have writ the style of gods⁴,
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance⁵.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
 Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
 My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince,
 And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the Prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Don Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords—

Don Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my Lord?—well, fare you well, my
 Lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

³ — *than advertisement.*] That is, *than admonition*, *than moral instruction*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *However they have writ the style of gods,*] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have used this expression, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of stoicism. By the *style of gods*, he meant an exalted language; such as we may suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness. STEEVENS.

⁵ *And make a pish at chance and sufferance.*] Alludes to their famous apathy. WARBURTON.

Old Copies—*pus*, Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Don Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,

Thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies bury'd with her ancestors:
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

Don Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord;

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daffe me⁶? Thou hast kill'd my
child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed⁷:

⁶ *Canst thou so daffe me?*] To *daffe* and *dasse* are synonymous terms that mean to put off. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Ant. He shall kill two of us, &c.*] This brother Anthony is the true picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the character of a sage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour; and had severely reprov'd him for

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me—let him answer me;—
Come, follow me, boy; come, Sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks^s, milkfops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple?
Scambling², out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off¹ half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony—

Ant. Come 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience³.

commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his age and valour are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself: and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakspeare. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

¹ — braggarts, Jacks,] See p. 78. n. 5. MALONE.

² Scambling.]—i. e. *scrambling*. The word is more than once used by Shakspeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the first speech of the play of *Henry V.* and likewise the Scots proverb "It is well ken'd your father's son was never a *scambler*." A *scambler*, in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Irish call'd a *scorer*. STEEVENS.

³ And speak off—] The old copies have—*of*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. In the books of our author's age, *of* is very frequently printed instead of *off*. MALONE.

⁴ we will not wake your patience.] The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the Prince tells them that he and Claudio will not wake their patience, will not any longer force them to endure the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist. JOHNSON.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No ?

Come, brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smärt for it.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see,

Here comes the man we went to seek.

[*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.*]

Claud. Now, Signior !

What news ?

Bene. Good day, my Lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, Signior :

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off
with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother : What think'st
thou ? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too
young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we
are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten
away : Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bene. It is in my scabbard ; Shall I draw it ?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been
beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the mini-
sters ; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale :—
Art thou sick, or angry ?

Claud. What ! courage, man ! What though care kill'd
a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you
charge it against me :—I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff ; this last was
broke cross³.

³ *Nay, then give him another staff ; &c*] An allusion to *tiling*. See
note, *As you Like it*, Act iii. sc. iv. WARBURTON.

D. Pedro.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle ⁴.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare;—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid ⁵ me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too ⁶?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, a fine little one: *No*, said I, a great wit; *Right*, said she, a great great one; *Nay*, said I, a good wit; *Just*, said she, it hurts nobody: *Nay*, said I, the gentleman is wise; *Certain*, said she, a wise gentleman; *Nay*, said I, he bath the tongues; *That I*

⁴—to turn his girdle.] We have a proverbial speech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A corresponding expression is used to this day in Ireland.—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues.* Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himself till he is in a better. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—If he be angry, he knows how to prepare himself for combat, and to obtain redress. Wrestlers (as is observed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1783) formerly before they engaged, probably turned the buckle of their girdle behind.—In a letter from Sir Ralph Winwood to Secretary Cecil, dated Dec. 17, 1602, we meet with the expression mentioned by Dr. Johnson: "I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, *If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me.*" MALONE.

⁵—bid—] i. e. invited. REED.

⁶Shall I not find a woodcock too?] A woodcock, being supposed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a foolish fellow. See the *London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

⁷—a wise gentleman;] This jest depending on the colloquial use of words is now obscure; perhaps we should read a *wise gentleman*, or a *man wise enough to be a coward.* Perhaps *wise gentleman* was in that age used ironically, and always stood for *silly fellow.* JOHNSON,

believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour together, transfigure thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jells as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My Lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your brother, the ballard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady: For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him!

[Exit BENEDICK.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit^s!

Enter

^s *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!* It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak; to which this well turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak. WAREBURTON.

I doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means confident that my own is right. I believe, however, these words refer to what Don Pedro had said just before—"And hath challenged thee?"—and that the meaning is, What a pretty thing a man is, when he is silly enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hose, to fight for a woman? In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, when Sir Hugh

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape : but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be² ; pluck up my heart, and be sad : Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Dog. Come, you, Sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio, one !

Claud. Harken after their offence, my Lord !

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dog. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths : secondarily, they are slanderers ; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady ; thirdly, they have verif'd unjust things : and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

is going to engage with Dr. Caius, he walks about in his doublet and hose. "Page. And youthful still in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day!" "— There is reasons and causes for it," says Sir Hugh, alluding to the duel he was going to fight.—I am aware that there was a particular species of single combat, called *Rapier and cloak* ; but I suppose, nevertheless, that when the small sword came into common use, the cloak was generally laid aside in duels, as tending to embarrass the combatants. MALONE.

² But, soft you, let be ;] The quarto and first folio read corruptly—let me be, which the editor of the second folio, in order to obtain some sense, converted to—let me see. I was once idle enough to suppose that copy was of some authority ; but a minute examination of it has shewn me that all the alterations made in it were merely arbitrary, and generally very injudicious. Let be were without doubt the author's words. The same expression occurs again in *K. Henry VIII* :—

— and they were ratified,

"As he cried, thus let be,"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. sc. iv.

"What's this for ? Ah, let be, let be." MALONE.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, Leonato says, "let be, let be," REED.

Let be is the true reading. It means, *let things remain as they are*. I have heard the phrase used by Dr. Johnson himself. STEEVENS.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited¹.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this Count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me * to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter: And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO with the Sexton.

Leon Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes:
'That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

¹ — one meaning well suited.] That is, one meaning is put into many different dresses; the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech JOHNSON.

* incens'd me—] incited me. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—

I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death!

Record it with your high and worthy deeds;

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance² your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,

But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible; but, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent the dy'd: and, if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us³;

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

² Impose me to what penance—] i. e. command me to undergo whatever penance, &c. A task or exercise prescribed by way of punishment for a fault committed at the universities, is yet called (as Mr. Steevens has observed in a former note) an *imposition*. MALONE.

³ And she alone is heir to both of us;] Shakspeare seems to have forgot what he had made Leonato say in the fifth scene of the first act to Antonio, "How now, brother; where is my cousin your son? hath he provided the music?" ANONYMOUS.

I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong ⁴,
Hir'd to it by your brother

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;
But always had been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, Sir, (which, indeed, is not under white
and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass ;
I beseech you, let it be remember'd in his punishment ;
And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed :
they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by
it ; and borrows money in God's name ⁵ ; the which he hath
used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted,
and will lend nothing for God's sake : Pray you, examine him
upon that point.

⁴ — pack'd in all this wrong,] i. e. combined ; an accomplice.

MALONE

⁵ — he wears a key in his ear, and hath a lock hanging by it ; and borrows money in God's name ;] The allusion is to a fantastical fashion of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unloveliness of Love-locks*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, I believe, has here (as he frequently does,) refined a little too much. There is no allusion, I conceive, to the fashion of wearing rings in the ears (a fashion which our author himself followed). The pleasantry seems to consist in Dogberry's supposing that the lock which DEFORMED wore, must have a key to it.

Fynes Moryson, in a very particular account that he has given of the drefs of Lord Montjoy, (the rival, and afterwards the friend of Robert Earl of Essex,) says that his hair was "thinne on the head where he wore it short, except a lock under his left eare, which he nourished the time of this warre, [the Irish War in 1599,] and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe." ITENARARY, P. ii. p. 45. When he was not on service, he probably wore it in a different fashion.—The portrait of Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, painted by Vandyck, (now at Knowle) exhibits this lock with a large knotted ribband at the end of it. It hangs under the ear on the left side, and reaches as low as where the star is now worn by the knights of the garter.

The same fashion is alluded to in an epigram quoted in Vol. i.:

"Or what he doth with such a horse-tail-lock." &c. MALONE.

Leon.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth: and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd God, prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter BENEDICK, and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs^c?

Bene.

^c To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs? Theobald with some probability reads—above stairs; yet below and above were not likely to be confounded either by the transcriber or compositor. MALONE.

I suppose

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Mar. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers⁷.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.]

Bene. And therefore will come.

*The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve—*

[singing.]

I mean in singing; but in loving—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *fern*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme: very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

I suppose every reader will find the meaning. JOHNSON.

Lest he should not, the following instance from Sir Aphon Cockayne's *Poems* is at his service:

"But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,

"Her he o'er-came, for he got her with child."

And another, more apposite, from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

"Alas! when we are once o'the falling hand,

"A man may easily come over us." COLLINS.

⁷ *I give thee the bucklers*] I suppose that to *give the bucklers* is, to yield or to lay by all thoughts of defence; so *clypeum abjicere*. The rest deserves no comment. JOHNSON.

The expression (as Mr. Steevens has shewn) occurs very frequently in our old comedies. MALONE.

Beatrice

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere go, let me go with that I came for⁸, which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkniss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours⁹: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question¹? Why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am of myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself

⁸ —with that I came for,] *For*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁹ —in the time of good neighbours:] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. WARBURTON.

¹ Question? why, an hour, &c.] i. e. What a question's there?

WARBURTON.

will

will bear witness, is praise worthy,)—and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants with music and tapers.

Claudio. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my Lord.

Claud. [reads from a scroll.]

Done to death² by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.—

[affixing it.]

² *Done to death*] This obsolete phrase occurs frequently in our ancient dramas. Thus, in Marlowe's *Leff's Dominion*:

"His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,

"Thinking her own son is done to death." MALONE.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight³;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now⁴, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

³ Those that slew thy virgin knight;] *Knight*, in its original signification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this sense may be feminine. Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, uses knight in the same signification.

JOHNSON.

Virgin knight is virgin hero. In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet achieved no adventure. Hero had as yet achieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his shield, having no right to any till he had deserved it.—On the books of the Stationer's Company in the year 1594, is entered, "—Pheander the *mayden knight*."

It appears, however, from several passages in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 7. that an *ideal order* of this name was supposed, as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth's virginity:

"Of doughtie knights whom faery land did raise

"That noble order hight of maidenbed."

Again, B. ii. c. 2. STEEVENS.

I do not believe that any allusion was here intended to Hero's having yet achieved "no matrimonial adventure." *Diana's knight*, or *Virgin knight*, was the common poetical appellation of virgins, in Shakspeare's time.

So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"O sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,

"——— who to thy female knights

"Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,

"Which is their order's robe,—"

Again, more appositely in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. iii. c. 12.

"Soon as that *virgin knight* he saw in place,

"His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew." MALONE.

⁴ Claud. Now, &c.] In the old copy these lines, by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, are given to an attendant: Mr. Rowe made the correction now adopted. MALONE.

D. Pedro.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's;⁵
Than this, from whom we render'd up this woe! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you have heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [Exeunt Ladies.]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

⁵ —*speed's*,] i. e. speed us! The old copy reads—*speeds*. Corrected and explained by Dr Thirlby. Claudio, as he observes, could not know that the proposed match would have any luckier event than that designed with Hero. Yet I confess, the contraction introduced is so extremely harsh, that I doubt whether it was intended by the author. However I have followed former editors in adopting it. MALONE.

Friar. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 't's most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince; But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the Prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the
matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull*:—

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low;

And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*—upon the savage bull:] See p. 81. n. 8. MALONE.

Re-enter

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reck'nings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her⁶.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[unmasking.]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar:—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; *[unmasking.]* what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio,

Have been deceived; for they swore you did⁷.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

⁶ *Ant.* *This same, &c.*] This speech is in the old copies given to Leonato. Mr. Theobald first assigned it to the right owner. Leonato has in a former part of this scene told Antonio,—that he "must be father to his brother's daughter, and give her to young Claudio." MALONE.

⁷ — for they swore you did.] For, which both the sense and metre require, was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So below:

"Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did." MALONE.

Beat.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter :— Then, you do not love me.

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle ! here's our own hands against our hearts !
—Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you^s ;—but, by this good day, I
yield upon great persuasion ; and, partly, to save your life, for
I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth^o. [*kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince ; a college of wit-crackers
cannot flout me out of my humour : Dost thou think, I care
for a satire, or an epigram ? No : if a man will be beaten with
brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him : In brief,
since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any pur-
pose that the world can say against it ; and therefore never
flout at me for what I have said against it ; for man is a giddy
thing, and this is my conclusion —For thy part, Claudio, I
did think to have beaten thee ; but in that thou art like to
be my kinsman, live unbruise'd and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied
Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy
single life, to make thee a double dealer ; which, out of ques-

^s *I would not deny you, &c.*] I cannot find in my heart to deny you,
but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to sub-
mission. He had said, *I take thee for pity* ; she replies, *I would not deny*
thee, i. e. I take thee for pity too : but as I live, I am won to this com-
pliance by importunity of friends. **WARBURTON.**

^o *Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth,*] In the old copies these words
are by mistake given to Leonato. The present regulation was made by
Mr. Theobald. **MALONE.**

tion, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn¹.

¹ — no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.] This passage may admit of some explanation that I am unable to furnish. By accident I lost several instances I had collected for the purpose of throwing light on it. The following however may assist the future commentator.

Mf. Sloan, 1691. "THAT A FELON MAY WAGE BATAILLE, WITH THE ORDER THEREOF." "—by order of the lawe both the parties must at their own charge be armed withoute any yron or long armour, and their heades bare, and bare-handed, and bare-footed, every one of them having a *baston* *horned* at each ende, of one length."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. The allusion is certainly to the antient trial by *wager of battel*, in suits both criminal and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the former case,—viz. an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly similar in civil cases, upon issue joined in a writ of right. Of the last trial of this kind in England, (which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annals*. Henry Nailor, master of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant,) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at Law attended. But a compromise was entered into between the parties, the evening before the appointed day, and they only went through the forms, for the greater security of the tenant. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was cast down by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor, in his passage through London, upon a sword's point, and his *baston* (a *staff* of an ell-long, made taper-wise, *tipp'd with horn*;) with his shield of hard leather was borne after him, &c." See also Minshew's Dict. 1617, in v. *Combat* from which it appears that Nailor on this occasion was introduced to the Judges, with "three solemn congees," by a very reverend person. "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth into Russia, who carried a red *baston* of an ell-long, *tipp'd with horn*."—In a very ancient law-book entitled *Britton*, the manner in which the combatants are to be armed is particularly mentioned. The quotation from the Sloanian Mf. is a translation from thence. By a ridiculous mistake the words, "*sauns lōge arme*," are rendered in the modern translation of that book, printed a few years ago,—"*without linen armour*;" and "*a mains nues & pies*" [bare-handed and bare-footed] is translated "*and their hands naked, and on foot.*" MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee
grave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

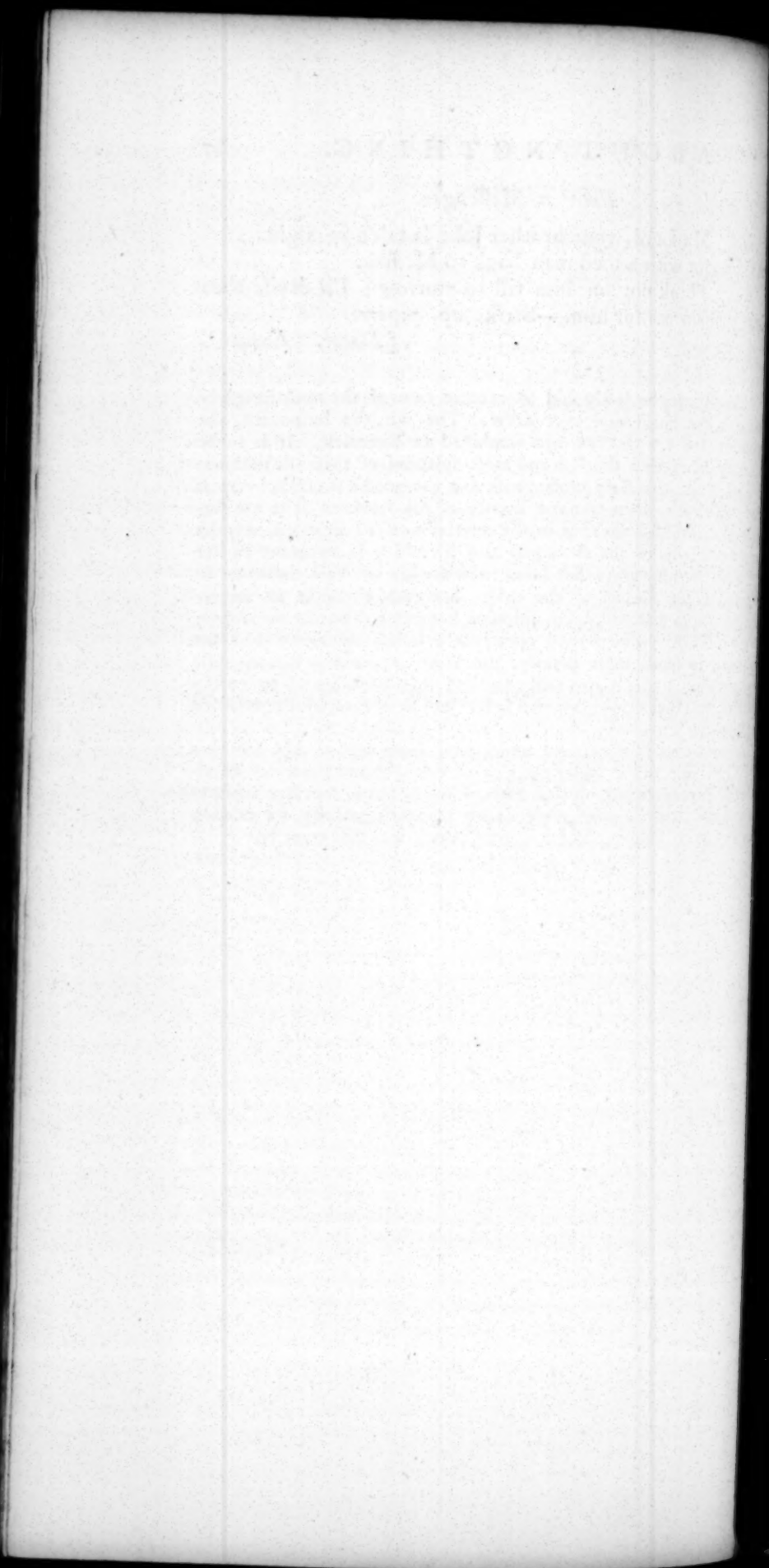
[*Dance. Exeunt* ².

² This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

Much Ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of *Benedick and Beatrice*. Hemming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy.

STEEVENS.

LOVE'S



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Vol. IV.

I

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,

Longaville,

Dumain,

Boyet,

Mercade,

} *Lords, attending on the King.*

} *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*

Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.

Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.

Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.

Dull, a Constable.

Costard, a Clown.

Moth, Page to Armado.

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline,

Maria,

Catharine,

} *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.

Officers, and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

S C E N E, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:

¹ I have not hitherto discovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

Love's Labour's Lost I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*. Vol. I. MALONE.

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath², and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

[*subscribe*]

Dum. My loving Lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy³.

[*subscribe*]

Bir. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep⁴.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Bir. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;

² — your deep oath,] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected by Mr Steevens. MALONE.

³ With all these living in philosophy.] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what all these is to be referred; I suppose he means, that he finds *love, pomp, and wealth* in philosophy. JOHNSON.

By all these Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be supposed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philosophical retirement. A. C.

⁴ Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.] That is, to see no ladies, to study to fast, and not to sleep. MALONE.

I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.—

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Bir. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid⁵;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look⁶:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that was it blinded by⁷.

Study

⁵ When I to feast expressly am forbid;] The old copy has—to fast. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ ——— while truth the while

Doth falsely blind, &c.] Falsely is here, and in many other places, the same as dishonestly or treacherously. The whole sense of this gingling declaration is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words.

JOHNSON.

⁷ Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that was it blinded by.] This is another passage unnecessarily

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name⁸.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding⁹!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost¹,
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Bir. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
 Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows²;

But

unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is, that when he dazzles, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode star, (See *Midsummer Night's Dream*.) and give him light that was blinded by it. JOHNSON.

The old copies read—it was. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁸ Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;

[And every godfather can give a name.] The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation. That is, too much knowledge gives only fame, a name, which every godfather can give likewise. JOHNSON.

⁹ Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding! To proceed is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree; as he proceeded bachelor in physics. The sense is, he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others. JOHNSON.

¹ — sneaping frost,] So sneaping winds in the *Winter's Tale*. To snap is to check, to rebuke. STEEVENS.

² — May's new-fangled shows;] Mr. Theobald reads—new-fangled earth, in order to rhyme with the last line but one. I rather suspect a line to have been lost after “an abortive birth.”—For an in that line the old copies have any. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

Mr.

But like of each thing, that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate³.

King. Well, sit you out * : go home, Biron ; adieu !

Bir. No, my good Lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same ;

And to the strictst decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

Bir. [*reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court* ;—Hath this been proclaimed ?

Long. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [*reads.*]—*on pain of losing her tongue.* Who devised this penalty ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet Lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility⁴ !—[*reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three*

Mr. Wharton is of opinion that Shakspeare here alludes to the May games. But I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale* :

" And fresher than May with floures new,"—

So also in our poet's *K. Richard II.*

" She came adorned hither, like sweet May."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diversity of flowers which the spring produces.

Again, in *The Destruction of Troy*, 1619 : " At the entry of the month of May, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverse flowers," &c.

MALONE.

³ *Climb o'er the house, &c.* This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, and much preferable to that of the folio—

That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate. MALONE.

*—*sit you out* :] This may mean, *hold you out, continue refractory*. But I suspect, we should read—*set you out*. MALONE.

⁴ *A dangerous law against gentility* !] This and the four following lines, which in the old copy are given to Longaville, were properly attributed to Biron by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Gentility, here, does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry* ; but what the French express by, *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And the meaning is this : Such a law for banishing women from the court, is dangerous

three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, Lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot ;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should :

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;
She must lie here ⁵ on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space :

For every man with his affects is born ;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace ⁶ :

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name :

[*subscribes*]

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions ⁷ are to others, as to me ;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation ⁸ granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is haunted

dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness, urbanity*, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and savage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

⁵ *She must lie here—*] To lie in old language is to *sojourn*. MALONZ.

⁶ *Not by might master'd, but by special grace :*] Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Suggestions—*] Temptations. JOHNSON.

⁸ *quick recreation—*] Lively sport, spritely diversion. JOHNSON.

With

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :
 One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;
 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny⁹ :
 This child of fancy¹, that Armado hight²,
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate³.
 How you delight, my Lords, I know not, I ;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

⁹ *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :] This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but, according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the title-page to R. Braithwaite's *English Gentlewoman*:—"what ornaments do best adorn her, and what *complements* do best accomplish her." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:—"adorned with the exactest *complements* belonging to everlasting nobleness." STEEVENS.

¹ *This child of fancy,*] This *fantastic*. The expression, in another sense, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro*:

"Or sweetest Shakspeare, *Fancy's child*—." MALONE.

² — *that Armado hight,*] Who is called Armado. MALONE.

³ *From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very title. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because these romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate*, is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. WARBURTON.

I have suffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has shewn that it is wholly unfounded, because Dr. Warburton refers to it in his *Dissertation* at the end of this play. MALONE.

— *in the world's debate.*] The world seems to be used in a monastic sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastic life. *In the world, in seculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestered, *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person⁴?

Bir. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his
grace's tharborough⁵: but I would see his own person in
flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's
villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high
words.

Long. A high hope for a low having⁶: God grant us
patience!

Bir. To hear; or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, and to laugh moderately; or
to forbear both.

Bir. Well, Sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to
climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner⁸.

Bir.

⁴ — *the Duke's own person?*] Theobald, without any necessity, reads
—*king's* own person. The princess in the next act calls the king—"this
virtuous duke;" a word which, in our author's time, seems to have been
used with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the case,
such a fellow as Costard may well be supposed ignorant of his true title.

MALONE.

⁵ — *tharborough;*] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority
with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

⁶ *A high hope for a low having;*] The old copies read—*heaven*. The
emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by all
the subsequent editors. *Having* is *acquisition*. MALONE.

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in allusion to the grad-
uation of happiness promised by *Mohammed* to his followers. So, in the
comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Oh, how my soul is rapt to a *third heaven*!" STEEVENS.

⁷ *To bear; or forbear hearing?*] One of the modern editors, plausibly
enough, reads,—*To hear; or forbear laughing?*" MALONE.

⁸ — *taken with the manner.*] A forensic term. A thief is said to be
taken

Bir. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, Sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form—in some form.

Bir. For the following, Sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so?

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy

taken with the manner, i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for so it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing stolen in his possession. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, *manu tractare*. MALONE.

⁹—but so, so.] The second *so* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

curious-

curious-knotted garden : There did I see that low-spirited swain,
that base minnow of thy mirth¹,

Cost. Me.

King.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King.—that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me !

King.—sorted and consoorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—~~with~~²—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.

Cost. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull ; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you ; I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jacquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Bir. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, Sirrah, what say you to this ?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it³.

¹ — *base minnow of thy mirth*, } The *base minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus characterise the tribunitian insolence of Sici-nius, under the same figure :

“ ——— hear you not

“ This Triton of the minnows ? ”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596 : “ Let him denie that there was another shewe made of the little minnow, his brother,” &c. STEEVENS.

² — *with—~~with~~*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

King:

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 181

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cofi. I was taken with none, Sir; I was taken with a damofel.

King. Well, it was proclaim'd damofel.

Cofi. This was no damofel neither, Sir; ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cofi. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Cofi. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Cofi. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—

My Lord Biron, ſee him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*]

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—

Sirah, come on.

Cofi. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of proſperity! Affliction may one day ſmile again, and till then, Sit thee down, forrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the ſame. A Room in Armado's Houſe.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

³ I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.] So Falſaſſ, in *K. Henry IV.* P. ii.: “—it is the diſeaſe of not liſtning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.” STEEVENS.

Arm.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp⁴.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal⁵?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Senior?

Arm. Why tough Senior? why tough Senior?

Moth. Why tender Juvenal? why tender Juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender Juvenal as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough Senior, as an appertinent title to your old time⁶, which we may name tough⁷.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

⁴ — *dear imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp his son*. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue.

JOHNSON.

Pistol salutes King Henry V. by the same title. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *my tender juvenal?*] *Juvenal* is youth. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time,*] Here, and in two speeches above, the old copies have *signior*, which appears to have been the old spelling of *senior*. So, in the last scene of the *Comedy of Errors*, edit. 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *signior*; till then, lead thou first." In that play the spelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old spelling in the passage before us. MALONE.

⁷ — *tough.*] *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phrases collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

Moth.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him?¹ *[aside.]*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, Sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you².

Arm.

¹—crosses love not him.] By *crosses* he means money. So, in *As you Like it*, the Clown says to Celia, "if I should bear you, I should bear no cross." JOHNSON.

²—and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.] Bankes's horse, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatise of Bodies*, ch. xxviii. p. 393.) observes, "That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly shewed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him."

GREY.

See also *Cbrestoleros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrammes, written by T. B. [Thomas Bastard] 1598, lib. iii. ep. 17:

"Of Bankes's Horse.

"Bankes hath a horse of wondrous qualitie,

"For he can fight, and pisse, and daunce, and lie,

"And finde your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:

"But Bankes, who taught your horse to finde a knave?"

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's.

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall is the following: Nov. 14, 1595, "A Ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*." STEEVENS.

In

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

[aside.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised court'sy. I think scorn to fight; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

In 1595 was published a pamphlet entitled *Maroccus extaticus, or Bankes' boy horse in a trance. A discourse set downe in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beast; anatomizing some abuses and bad trickes of the age.* 4to. Ben Jonson hints at the unfortunate catastrophe of both man and horse, which, I find, happened at Rome, where to the disgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See *Don Zara del Fogo*, 12mo. 1660, p. 114. REED.

Underneath is a representation of Bankes and his horse, copied from the pamphlet above mentioned.



MALONE

Malone

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me, precisely, of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers¹: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts², master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

¹Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers:] I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare green eye, which in his time seems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealousy, to which, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet green-ey'd. MALONE.

²Most maculate thoughts,—] So the first quarto, 1598. The folio has immaculate. To avoid such notes for the future, it may be proper to apprise the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correspond with the folio, without any reason being assigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the first quarto.

MALONE.

Moth.

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known;
 For blushing³ cheeks by faults are bred,
 And fears by pale-white shown:
 Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know;
 For still her cheeks possess the same,
 Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar⁴?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression⁵ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard⁶; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master. [aside.]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

³ For blushing—] The original copy has—*blush in*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ —the King and the Beggar?] See Dr. Percy's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

⁵ —my digression] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

"*Digressing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— my *digression* is so vile, so base,

"That it will live engraven in my face." MALONE.

⁶ —the rational hind Costard;] The *reasoning brute*, the animal with some share of reason. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in its bestial sense, Armado makes Costard a female. FARMER.

Shakspeare uses it in its bestial sense in *Julius Caesar*, Act i. sc. iii. and as of the masculine gender:

"He were no lion, were not Romans *binds*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* sc. iii. :—"—you are a shallow cowardly *bind*, and you lye. STEEVENS.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing —Maid.

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaqu. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away?

[Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, Sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;

¹ *Corr.* &c.] To this line in the first quarto, and the first folio, *Glo.* by an error of the press is prefixed, instead of *Con.* i.e. Constable, or *Dull* Mr. Theobald made the necessary correction. MALONE.

and,

and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect⁸ the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falshood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn⁹; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer¹. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boy. Now, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits: Consider who the king your father sends; To whom he sends; and what's his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem; To parly with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe,

⁸ —*affect*—] i. e. love. STEEVENS.

⁹ *The first and second cause will not serve my turn;*] See the last act of *As you Like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

¹ —*sonneteer*.] The old copies read only—*sonnet*. STEEVENS.
The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

Matchless

Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
 Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear,
 When she did starve the general world beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues² :
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker—Good Boyet,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court :
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke ?

1st. Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

² *Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,*

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.] So, in our author's
 102d Sonnet :

"That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming

"The owner's tongue doth publish every where." MALONE.

Chapman here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly, the
buyer. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market* ; *chapman* therefore
 is *marketman*. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on
 the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer.

JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. I know him, Madam; at a marriage feast,
Between Lord Périgot and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solémnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd³;
Well fitted in the arts⁴, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with⁵ too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Cath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness⁶.

³ *A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;*] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

"A man of sovereign peerless he is esteem'd."

I believe, the author wrote

"A man of, — sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd."

A man of extraordinary accomplishments, the speaker perhaps would have said, but suddenly checks himself; and adds—"sovereign, peerless he's esteem'd." So, before: "*Matchless* Navarre." Again, in the *Tempest*:

—"but you, O you,

"So perfect, and so peerless are created."

In the old copies no attention seems to have been given to abrupt sentences. They are, almost uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, we find both in the folio and quarto, "—but for the stuffing well, we are all more tal." MALONE.

⁴ *Well fitted in the arts.*—] *Well fitted*, is *well qualified*. JOHNSON. *The*, which is not in the old copies, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ — *match'd with*—] is combined or joined with. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And much too little, &c.*] i. e. And my report of the good I saw, is much too little, compared to his great worthiness. HEATH.

Ref

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the eye doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

1st. Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors⁷ in oath
Were all address'd⁸ to meet you, gentle Lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

[*The ladies mark.*]

Enter KING, LONGVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have
not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours;
and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

⁷ — his competitors—] That is, his confederates. MALONE.

⁸ Were all address'd—] To address is to prepare. So, in *Hamlet*:

" — it lifted up its head, and did address

" Itself to motion." STEEVENS.

King.

King. Hear me, dear Lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my Lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord,
And sin to break it⁹:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill besemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[gives a paper.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away:
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once¹?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Bir. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o'day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Bir. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,

⁹ *And sin to break it:]* Sir T. Hanmer reads—"Not sin to break it!"—I believe erroneously. The princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

¹ *Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?] Thus the folio.* In the first quarto, this dialogue passes between Catharine and Biran. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

Disburfed by my father in his wars.
 But fay, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
 Receiv'd that fum; yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thoufand more; in furety of the which,
 One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
 Although not valued to the money's worth.
 If then the king your father will reftore
 But that one half which is unfatisfy'd,
 We will give up our right in Aquitain,
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
 But that, it feems, he little purpofeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 An hundred thoufand crowns; and not demands,
 On payment of a hundred thoufand crowns²,
 To have his title live in Aquitain;
 Which we much rather had depart withal³,
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Than Aquitain fo gelded as it is.
 Dear Princefs, were not his requests fo far
 From reason's yielding, your fair felf fhould make
 A yielding, 'gainft fome reason, in my breaft,
 And go well fatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In fo unfeeming to confefs receipt
 Of that which hath fo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteft, I never heard of it;
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreft your word:
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
 For fuch a fum, from fpecial officers
 Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me fo.

Boy. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
 Where that and other fpecialties are bound;
 To-morrow you fhall have a fight of them.

² On *payment*!—] This is Mr. Theobald's correction. The old copies have—*One payment*. The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act. iii. sc. iii. MALONE.

³ —depart *withal*] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently fynonymous. So, in *K. John*:

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part." STEEVENS.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.
 Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As honour, without breach of honour, may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness :
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates ;
 But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be glad to see it.

Bir. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ⁴ ?

Bir. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Bir. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says, I ⁵.

Bir. Will you prick't with your eye ?

Ros. No, point, with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[*retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word ; What lady is that same ⁶ ?

⁴ *Is the fool sick ?*] She means perhaps his heart. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* : (ante, p. 83.) "*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart. *Beat.* Yes, my Lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care." MALONE.

⁵ *My physic says, I.*] She means to say, *ay*. The old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the sake of the rhyme.

MALONE.

⁶ *What lady is that same ?*] It is odd that Shakspeare should make *Dumain* enquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of *Biron*, and neglect *Catbarine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps all the ladies wore masks but the princess. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 192, where *Biron* says to *Rosaline*—
 "Now fair befall your mask !" MALONE.

Boy.

Boy. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit DUMAIN.]

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you Sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her mother's I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard?

Boy. Good Sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Fauleonbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boy. Not unlike, Sir; that may be.

[Exit LONG.]

Bir. What's her name in the cap?

Boy. Catharine, by good hap.

Bir. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, Sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome, Sir; adieu!

Boy. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON. Ladies unmask.]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap Lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple; as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boy. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips*.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me. [offering to kiss her.]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

* God's blessing on your beard! That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether so much meaning was intended to be conveyed by these words. MALONE.

* — unless we feed on your lips.] Our author has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale;

"Grazed on my lips." MALONE.

My lips are no common, though several they be ⁹.

Boy. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boy. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes *,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boy. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boy. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see ¹,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking ² on fairest of fair:
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were
glafs'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

⁹ *My lips are no common, though several they be.*] A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate, distinct*, likewise signifies in unclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In *Minsheu's Dictionary*, 1617, is the following article: "TO SEVER from others. Hinc nos pascua et campos seorsim ab aliis separatos *Severals* dicimus." In the margin he spells the word as Shakspeare does—*severals*.—Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be understood in its rustic sense, the adverbative particle stands but awkwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace. MALONE.

* *By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,*] So in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

"Sweet silent rhetoric of persua ling eyes;

"Dumb eloquence—." MALONE.

¹ *His tongue all impatient to speak and not see,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak.* JOHNSON.

² *To feel only looking—*] Perhaps we may better read:

To feel only by looking. JOHNSON.

His

His face's own margent did quote³ such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boy. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ref. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ref. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is
but grim.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Ref. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—¹

[*singing.*]

Arm.

³ His face's own margent did quote, &c.] In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

"Find written in the margin of his eyes."

Again in *Hamlet*: "I knew you must be edified by the margent."

MALONE.

¹ Concolinel—] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage-direction is generally—*Here they sing—or, Cantant.* Probably the performer was left to chuse his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of
a new

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tendernefs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the fwain, bring him feftinately hither²; I muft employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl³?

Arm. How mean'ft thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet⁴, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; figh a note, and fing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with finging love; sometime through the nofe, as if you snuff'd up love by fmelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the fhop of your eyes; with your arms crofs'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a fpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting⁵; and keep not too long in one tune, but a fnip and away: 'Thefe are complements⁶, thefe are humours; thefe betray nice wenchcs—that would be betray'd without thefe; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that moft are affected to thefe⁷.

Arm. How haft thou purchafed this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obfervation⁸.

Arm.

a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the difcretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumftance in *K. Edward IV* 2d p. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the ftage, fpeaking fome words, but of no importance." Again, in Decker's *Hench Wench*, 1635: "He places all things in order, finging with the ends of old ballads as he does it." STEEVENS.

² — feftinately *hither*;] i. e. haftily. Shakfpeare uſes the adjective *feftinate*, in another of his plays. STEEVENS.

³ — a French brawl?] A brawl is a kind of dance. STEEVENS.

⁴ — canary to it with your feet,] Canary was the name of a fprightly nimble dance. THEOBALD.

⁵ — like a man after the old painting;] It was a common trick among ſome of the moſt indolent of the ancient maſters, to place the hands in the boſom or the pockets, or conceal them in ſome other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of repreſenting them, or to diſguiſe their own want of ſkill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

⁶ — complements,] i. e. accompliſhments. See p. 177, n. 9. MALONE.

⁷ — and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that are moſt affected to theſe.] i. e. and make thoſe men who are moſt affected to ſuch accompliſhments, men of note.—Mr. Theobald, without any neceſſity reads—and make the men of note, &c. which was, I think, too haſtily adopted in the ſubſequent editions. One of the modern editors, inſtead of—"do you note, men?" with great probability reads—do you note me? MALONE.

⁸ By my penny of obſervation.] The old copy reads—pen. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

Arm. But O—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot^o.

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master, the hobby-horse is but a colt¹, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha; what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

It is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called *A Penniworth of Wit*. FARMER.

^o *Arm.* But O—but O—

Moth.—*the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to savour of paganism; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now *Moth.*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See the note on Act iii. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

¹ —*but a colt.*] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires. JOHNSON.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master, or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so²:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace !
By thy favour, sweet welkin³, I must sigh in thy face :
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master ; here's a Costard⁴ broken in
a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy *Penvoy* ;
—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *Penvoy*⁵ ; no salve in the

² *You are too swift, Sir, to say so :*] The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourself time to think, if you say so.* *Swift*, however, means ready at replies. STEEVENS.

Swift is here used, as in other places, synonymously with *witty*.

FARMER.

So, in *As you Like it* : “ He is very *swift* and sententious.” Again in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ Having so *swift* and excellent a wit.”

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James said, that “ the style was more quick and pithie than was usual in pasquils and libels.” MALONE.

³ *By thy favour, sweet welkin,*] *Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for fighting in its face. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *here's a Costard broken*—] i. e. a head. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *no l'envoy ;*] The *Penvoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

mail, Sir⁶: O Sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *Penvoy*, no *Penvoy*, no *salve*, Sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for *Penvoy*, and the word, *Penvoy*, for a *salve*?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *Penvoy* a *salve*?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

I will example it⁷:

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *Penvoy*.

Moth. I will add the *Penvoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penvoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *Penvoy*, ending in the goose: Would you desire more?

⁶ — no *salve* in the mail, Sir:] No *salve* in the mail, may mean, no *salve* in the mountebank's budget. JOHNSON.

Male, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the old spelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, (*Character of a Bard*) 1630:—"the cloath-bag of counsel, the cap-case, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." The quarto 1598, and the first folio, have—*the male*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

I can scarcely think that Shakspeare had so far forgotten his little school-learning, as to suppose that the Latin verb *salve*, and the English substantive, *salve*, had the same pronunciation, and yet, without this, the quibble cannot be preserved. FARMER.

The same quibble occurs in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "Salve, Master Simplicius.

"Salve me; 'tis but a surgeon's compliment." STEEVENS.

⁷ I will example it:] This and the following eight lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat :—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose :
Let me see a fat *Penvoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither ; how did this argument begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *Penvoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain ; Thus came your argument in :

Then the boy's fat *Penvoy*, the goose that you bought ;
And he ended the market ⁸.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin ⁹ ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* : I will speak that *Penvoy* :—

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Frances* ;—I smell some *Penvoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country maid *Jaquenetta* : there is remuneration ; [*giving him money*] for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I ¹.—Signior *Costard*, adieu.

Cost.

⁸ And he ended the market] Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a goose make a market.* *Tre donne et un' oca fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

⁹ — how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin ?] It has been already observed that the head was anciently called the *Costard*. STEEVENS.

¹ Like the sequel, I.] I follow you as close as the sequel does the premises. HEATH.

Moth.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew²—

[*Exit MOTH.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings; three farthings—remuneration. *What's the price of this inkle? a penny: No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—* Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word,

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Bir. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, Sir: Fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,

Moth alludes to the sequel of any story which follows a preceding part, and was in the old story-books introduced in this manner:—"Here followeth the sequel of such a story or adventure." So Hamlet says—"But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admonition?" MASON.

²—my incony, Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate;—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. WARBURTON.

Jew, in our author's time, was, for whatever reason, apparently a word of endearment. So, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Most brisky Juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew." JOHNSON.

In the old comedy called *Blurt Master* onstage, 1602, I meet with this word. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:—"it makes you have a most *inconie* body." Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble." STEEVENS.

And

And in her train there is a gentle lady;
 When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
 And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
 And to her white hand see thou do commend
 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[gives him money.]

Cost. Guerdon—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better³: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, Sir, in print⁴.—Guerdon—remuneration.

[Exit.]

Bir. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been
 love's whip;
 A very beadle to a humourous sigh;
 A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

³ Cost. Guerdon—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better, &c.] Guerdon. i. e. reward.

The following parallel passage in *A Healtib to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1598, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer:

"There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie) that coming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman as of his servantes; one of the sayde servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayde servante, and saith unto him. Holde thee, here is a remuneration for thy paynes, which the servante receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a three-farthings peece: and I holde thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, say'd, Holde thee, here is a guerdon for thy deserts: now the servant payd no dearer for the guerdon than he did for the remuneration; though the guerdon was xid. farthing better; for it was a skilling, and the other but a three-farthinges."

Whether Shakspeare or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time, when *Love's Labour's Lost* was written, and the date of the earliest edition of the *Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. shall be ascertained by circumstances which are at present beyond our reach. STEEVENS.

⁴ — in print.] i. e. with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.

The expression, as Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyrwhitt have shewn, often occurs in our old English comedies. MALONE.

This

This wimpled⁵, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
 This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid⁶;
 Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

⁵ This wimpled—] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakspeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. STEEVENS.

⁶ This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;] Mr. Theobald says, that some one proposed to him to read—

This *senior junior*, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

That is, "this old young man." So, afterwards:

"That was the way to make his godhead wax,

"For he hath been five thousand years a boy."

If the old copies had exhibited *Junior*, I should have had no doubt that the second word in the line was only the old spelling of *senior*, as in a former passage, (p. 182,) and in one in the *Comedy of Errors* quoted below by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 1598, and the folio, Cupid is not himself called *signior*, or *senior* Junio, but a giant-dwarf to [that is, attending upon] Signior Junio, and therefore we must endeavour to explain the words as they stand. In both these copies *Junio's* is printed in Italics as a proper name. For the reasons already mentioned, I suppose *signior* here to have been the Italian title of honour, and Cupid to be described as uniting in his person the characters of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power over mankind, and a dwarf on account of his size; [So afterwards: "Of his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might."] and as attending in this double capacity on youth, (personified under the name of Signior Junio,) the age in which the passion of love has most dominion over the heart. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may be countenanced by Ovid, who ascribes to the month of June a similar etymology:

Junius a juvenum nomine dictus adest.

Dr. Warburton was likewise of opinion that by *Junio* is meant youth in general. Mr. Upton would read—'This signior *Julio's* giant-dwarf;—supposing that our author meant *Julio Romano*, and that that painter had drawn Cupid in the character of a giant dwarf. But "who (as Mr. Tollet justly observes) will ascertain that *Julio Romano* ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf?" MALONE.

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf should be represented in painting, I cannot well conceive. MASON.

Shakspeare, in *K. Richard III.* Act. iv. sc. iv. uses *signory* for *seniority*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149, edit. 1614, speaks of Edward the *signior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore suppose that *signor* here means *senior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus in the first folio, at the end of the *Comedy of Errors*:

"S. Dro. Not I, Sir, you are my *elder*."

"E. Dro. That's a question: how shall we try it?"

"S. I. ro. We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." TOLLET.

The

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors⁷,—O my little heart!—
 And I to be a corporal of his field⁸,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop⁹!
 What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing²; ever out of frame;

And

⁷ *Of trotting paritors.*] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations: as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the paritor is put under Cupid's government.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *And I to be a corporal of his field.*] Giles Clayton in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. Brokesby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Stafford's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

⁹ *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.*] The notion is not that the hoop wears colours, but that the colours are worn as a tumbler carries his hoop, hanging on one shoulder, and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumbler's hoops* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands. To *wear his colours*, means to wear his badge or signification, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274: "All that *were* the Duke's sign, or colours, *were* slain to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome." TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his hoop dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

¹ *What? I! I love!*] The first *I*, which is not in the old copies, has been supplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. There is no mistake more common at the press than the omission of a word, when it happens to be repeated in the same line, and the two words join. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is supported by the first line of the present speech:

And I forsooth in love! *I*, that have been love's whip—

Sir T. Hamner supplied the metre by repeating the word *What*.

MALONE.

² ——— like a German clock,

Still a repairing;] The same allusion occurs in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster 1607: —no German clock, no mathematical engine

And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?
 Nay, to be perjur'd which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
 And I to fight for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan³;
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan⁴. [Exit.

gine whatsoever, requires so much reparation, &c."—The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-maker*, 3d edit. 1714: "Clock-making was supposed to have had its beginning in Germany within less than these two hundred years. It is very probable, that our balance-clocks or watches, and some other automata, might have had their beginning there; &c." Again, p. 91.—"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, because the ancient pieces are of German work."

A skilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial construction of these first pieces of mechanism executed in Germany, we may suppose Shakspeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was set up in 1540, (as appears from the inscription affixed to it,) is said to be the first ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

"In some towns in Germany (says Dr. Powel, in his *Human Liberty*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be seen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read astronomy, and never look up to the skies.—In the town hall of Prague there is a clock that shews the annual motions of the sun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and festivals of the whole year, the time of the sun rising and setting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the rising and setting of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, &c.—But the town of Strasburgh carries the bell of all other steeples of Germany in this point." These elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

³—and groan:] And, which is not in either of the authentic copies of this play, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, was added to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his second 2d, not injudiciously, but, without sufficient authority. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steep-uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France —

Then, Forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, Madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, Madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass¹, take this for telling true;

[giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the ~~shoot~~:

Not wounding, ~~pity~~ would not let me do't:

¹ Here, good my glass,—] She rewards the Forester for having shew'd her to herself as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill;
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart:
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill².

Boy. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty³
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth⁴.

Cost. God dig-you-den⁵ all! Pray you, which is the
 head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have
 no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so: truth is
 truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
 One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
 Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron, to one Lady
 Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of
 mine:

² — that my heart means no ill.] i. e. to whom my heart means no ill.
 The common phrase suppresses the particle, as *I mean him* [not to him] no
 harm. JOHNSON.

³ — that self-sovereignty—] Not a sovereignty over, but in, themselves:
 —so self-sufficiency, self-consequence, &c. MALONE.

⁴ — a member of the commonwealth.] Here, I believe, is a kind of jest
 intended: a member of the common-wealth is put for one of the common
 people, one of the meanest. JOHNSON.

⁵ God dig-you-den—] A corruption of—God give you good even.

MALONE.

Stand

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon⁶.

Boy. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax⁷, and every one give ear.

Boy. [reads.] “By heaven, that thou art fair, is most
“infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that
“thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than
“beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on
“thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate⁸
“king Copbetua⁹ set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate
“beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say,
“*veni, vidi, vici*, which to anatomize, in the vulgar, (O
“base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and
“overcame: he came, one; saw¹ two; overcame, three.
“Who came? the king? why did he come? to see; Why
“did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beg-
“gar: What saw he? the beggar: Who overcame he? the

⁶ — Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.] i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. THEOBALD.

One of Lord Chesterfield's letters, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* means *amatorie literæ*. TOLLET.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says, “my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fritassee*.”—A message called a *cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To break up was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

⁷ *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the capon. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *illustrate*] for *illustrious*. It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *king Copbetua*] This story is again alluded to in *Henry IV*:

“Let king Copbetua know the truth thereof.”

But of this king and beggar, the story, then doubtless well known, is, am afraid, lost. JOHNSON.

The ballad of *King Copbetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be seen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV*. 2d Part and *Richard II*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *saw*] The old copies here and in the preceding line have—*for* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

“beggar

"beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the
 "king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beg-
 "gar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the
 "king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the
 "king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for
 "so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I
 "may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I en-
 "treat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for
 "rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyself? me. Thus,
 "expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my
 "eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar²

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this
 letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it³ ere-
 while⁴.

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in
 court;

A phantasm⁵, a *Monarcho*⁶; and one that makes sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin.

² Thus dost thou hear, &c.] These six lines appear to be a quotation
 from some ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

³ —going o'er it.] A pun upon the word *stile*. MUSGRAVE.

⁴ erewhile.] Just now; a little while ago. JOHNSON.

⁵ A phantasm,] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6,
 1608, is entered, "A book called *Phantasm*, the *Italian Taylor* and his
Boy; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty." It probably con-
 tains the history of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer speaks in the fol-
 lowing note, to which I have subjoined an additional instance.

STEVENS.

⁶ —a *Monarcho*;] The allusion is to a fantastical character of the
 time.—"Popular applause (says Meres) doth nourish some, neither
 "do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie—as
 "in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about
 "the court." FARMER.

In

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my Lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my Lord Biron, a good master of mine,
'To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away!
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt Princeſs, and Train.*]

Boy. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Rof.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, &c.* 1595, I meet with the same allusion:—"but now he was an insulting monarch above
" *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and quite ra-
" nounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrested him-
" self wholly to the Italian puntlios, &c."

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakspeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

From a pamphlet, entitled *A brief Discourse of the Spanisb State, &c.* 4to. 1590, (quoted by Mr. Reed,) it appears that *Monarcho* figured in London so early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as the year 1566.

MALONE.

[*Come, lords, away.*] Perhaps the Princeſs said rather—*Come, ladies, away.* The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

* Who is the shooter? It should be, Who is the *sutor*?—and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on, &c.*" seem only marginal observations. FARMER.

It appears that *sutor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607, the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths.

Enter the *suters*, &c.

"Why do you not see them before you? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters*? *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope."

STEEVENS.

Wherever Shakspeare uses words equivocally, as in the present instance, he lays his editor under some embarrassment. When he told Ben Jonson he would stand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten spoons*," if we write the word as I have now done, the conceit, such as it is, is lost, at least does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes absurd. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Dogberry says, "if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance." If we write the word thus, the constable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is lost, at least to the eye. If we write *raisons*, (between which word and *reasons* there was, I believe, no difference at that time in pronunciation,) we write nonsense. In the passage before us an equivocal was certainly intended; the words *shooter* and *sutor*

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was
a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touch-
ing the hit it?

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a
woman when queen Guinever¹ of Britain was a little wench,
as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boy. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can. [Exeunt Ros. and CAT.

suit being (as Mr. Steevens has observed) pronounced alike in Shak-
spere's time. So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by
G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the strongest archers, but
here are better *suitors*." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623,
(owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him)—

"—a grief that *suits*

"My very heart at root—"

instead of—a grief that *shoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen
Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *suitor* is at this day pronounced
by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. However, I have followed
the spelling of the old copy, as it is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

¹ *And who is your deer?*] Our author has the same play on this word
in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. v. Again, in his *Venus and
Adonis*:

"I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer." MALONE.

¹ —queen Guinever] This was king Arthur's queen, not over fa-
mous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of the *Boy and the Man-
tle*, in Dr. Percy's collection.—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful
Lady*, the elder Loveless addresses Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-
woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

Cost.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boy. A mark! O, mark but that mark: A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout².

Boy. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin³.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing⁴; Good night, my good owl. [Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armatheo o' the one side—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan⁵!

To see him kifs his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear⁶!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!

Ah heavens, it is a most pathological wit! [Shouting within.]

Sola, sola! [Exit COSTARD, running.]

² — the clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

³ — by cleaving the pin.] Honest Costard might have befriended Dean Milles, whose note on a song in the *Pseudo-Rowley's ELIA* has exposed him to so much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. Costard's application of the word *pin* might here lead the Dean to suspect the qualities of the basket. But what has mirth to do with archæology? STEEVENS.

⁴ I fear too much rubbing;] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling-green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. MALONE.

⁵ — to bear her fan!] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. sc. iv. where Nurse asks Peter for her fan. STEEVENS.

⁶ — a' will swear!—] A line following this seems to have been lost. MALONE.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter HOLOFERNES⁷, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol.

Enter HOLOFERNES.] There is very little personal reflection in *Shakspeare*. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says,

— *his taxing like a wildgoose flies,*
Uncloim'd of any man.

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by *Holofernes* is designed a particular character, a pedant and school-master of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, folio, 1598. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that *Shakspeare* chose for him the name which *Rabelais* gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. *WARBURTON.*

I have omitted the passages which *Dr. Warburton* has quoted from the preface to *Florio's Dictionary* in support of his hypothesis, because, though that writer may perhaps have been pointed at, they do not appear to me at all to prove the point. *MALONE.*

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of *Shakspeare* is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere punit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms, which, perhaps, in the author's time, *set the playhouse in a roar*, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of *Holofernes* was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of *Dr. Warburton's* conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of *Holofernes* as borrowed from the *Rolando* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited to queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking a *hesh* of languages at once, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of *Holofernes* in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for, as *Peacham* observes, the school-master has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country. *JOHNSON.*

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition, that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, [in his *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591,] that they plaie in England, are neither right comedies, nor right tragedies; but representations

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*—blood¹; ripe as a pomewater², who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *calo*³—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; But, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head⁴.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

tions of *bisfories* without any decorum.”—The scraps of Latin and Italian are transcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venise*, which has been corrupted so much. The *affection of the letter*, which argues *facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons.

“ In Italie your lordship well hath scene
 “ Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
 “ Their language learnt, in sound, in stile, in sense,
 “ Proving by profiting where you have beene.
 “ — To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*.”

Mr. Warton informs us, in his *Life of Sir Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holofernes* acted before the Princess Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verses above cited are prefixed to Florio's *Dict.* 1598. MALONE.

¹ — in *sanguis*, *blood*;) The old copies read—*sanguis*, in blood. The transposition was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the same manner: “ — in the ear of *calo*, the sky,” &c. The same expression occurs in *King Henry IV. P. i.*

“ If we be English deer, be then *in blood*.” MALONE.

² — as a pomewater,] A species of apple, formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gerard's *Herbal*, edit. 1597, p. 1273.

STEEVENS.

³ — in the ear of *calo*, &c.] In Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, *Cielo* is defined “ *heaven*, the *skie*, firmament, or *welkin*,” and *terra* is explained thus: “ The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countree, — *land*, *soile*, &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Lost*, this might add some little strength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, (see p. 216, n. 7.) though it would by no means be decisive; but my edition is dated 1598 (posterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the first. MALONE.

⁴ — a buck of the first head.] i. e. a buck five years old. When this animal is in his second year, he is called a *pricket*. MALONE.

Dull.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Natb. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are,) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he³.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool. So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school⁴:

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit,

³ And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.] the length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford scenes of the like measure.

JOHNSON.

In the old copies the word *of* is wanting, "Which we of taste," &c. Mr. Tyrwhitt's last observation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

"——— and then we,

"Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of *be*."

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read:

"And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

"(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts, that do fructify in us more than he."

Which in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular: for I am afraid our poet, for the sake of his rhyme, has put *be* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. Some examples confirming Dr. Johnson's observation may be found at the end of the *Comedy of Errors*. MALONE.

⁴ For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool:

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.] The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna⁵, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not⁶ to five weeks, when he came to five score.

The allusion holds in the exchange⁷.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have * call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrillity.

Hol. I will something affect the letter: for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess*⁸ pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till row made sore with booting.

'Be dogs did yell; put I to sore, then forel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else forel; t: e people fall a booting.

⁵ *Dictynna*,] Old Copies—*Dictysima*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁶ *And raught not*] i. e. *reach'd not*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The allusion hold. in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. WARB.

* — *I have*—] These words were inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ *The praiseful princess*—] This emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The quarto, 1598, and folio, 1623, read corruptly *praysful*. MALONE.

The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fulwell*, in his Commemoration of Queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called, *The Flower of Fame*, printed 1575:

"Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,

"And price of endless fame, &c." STEEVENS.

If fore be fore, then L to fore makes fifty sores; O fore L⁹!
Of one fore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, * look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable¹, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a foul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jac. God give you good morrow, master person².

Hol.

⁹ — O fore L!¹] In the old copies—O forell. The correction was suggested by Dr. Warburton. The rhyme confirms it. The allusion (as Dr. Warburton observes) is to L, being the numeral for fifty.

A deer during his third year is called a forel. MALONE.

* *If a talent be a claw, &c.*] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth Night*, "—let them use their talents." So, in *The First Part of the Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, 1600:

"Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your talents?"

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

"—— and now doth ghastly death

"With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding heart." MALONE.

¹ — *if their daughters be capable, &c.*] Of this double *entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called, *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEVENS.

Capable is used equivocally. One of its senses was *reasonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III*:

"O 'tis a parlous boy,

"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

² — *master person.*] Thus the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. The editor of the second folio, not understanding the passage, reads—*parson*, which renders what follows nonsense. *Person*, as Sir William Blackstone observes,

Hol. Master person—*quasi* pers-on *. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jag. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fausse, precor gelidâ* ³ *quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia ⁴.

Old

observes, in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *persona* ecclesiæ. So, in *Holinshead*, p. 953, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's,) "Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garard was *persen* of Honie-lane." It is here necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

* — *quasi* pers-on.] I believe we should write the word—*pers-one*. The same play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falstaff*.

STEEVENS.

The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at least in some counties, in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now stands. In the same style afterwards *Moth* says, "Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit old*." MALONE.

³ *Fausse, precor gelidâ*, &c.] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to Sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakspeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page. STEEVENS.

From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time: "With the first and second lease he plaies very prettily, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdicts *Pierce Pennilesse* for a grammar-school wit; saies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fausse precor gelidâ*." A translation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

⁴ — *Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.] Our author is applying the

praise

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not,
loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, Sir,
what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—
What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *Lege,*
domine.

Nath. If love make me forsworn⁵, how shall I swear
to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would compre-
hend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder:
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire⁶.

Celestial

praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice,
Vingia, Vingia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia. O Venice, Venice, he
who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb stands thus in Howell's *Letters*, book i. sect. i. l. 36.

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,

Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto, te dispregia.

Venice, Venice none thee unseen can prize;

Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise.

The players in their edition, have thus printed the first line:

"Venchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche." STEEVENS.

The editors of the first folio here, as in many other instances, im-
plicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr.
Theobald.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second*
Frutes, 4to. 1591, where it stands thus:

"Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;

"Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa." MALONE.

⁵ If love makes me forsworn, &c.] These verses are printed with some
variations in a book entitled, the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 8vo. 1599. MALONE.

⁶ — thy voice his dreadful thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.] So, in *Antony and*
Cleopatra:

Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
'That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd⁷; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse⁸ his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron⁹, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing¹ to the person written unto:

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd.—Trip and go, my sweet²; deliver

“ ——— his voice was propertied

“ As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

“ But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,

“ He was as ratling thunder.” MALONE.

⁷ Here are only numbers ratify'd;] These words and the following lines of this speech, which in the old copy are given to Sir Nathaniel, were rightly attributed to Holofernes by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁸ — the tired horse] was the horse adorned with ribbands—the famous *Barke's horse*, so often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bomie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at cross-purposes with this word: “Why didst thou boare the horse through the eares?” “—It was for tiring.” “He would never tire,” replies the other. FARMER.

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:

“My love hath tyr'd some fidler like Albano.” MALONE.

⁹ Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron,] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been “sent to her from Don Armato, and given to her by Costard.” MASON.

¹ — writing] Old Copies—written. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The first five lines of this speech were restored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Instead of Sir Nathaniel, the old copies have—Sir Holofernes. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

² Trip and go, my sweet;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a song. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by T. Nashe, 1600:

“Trip

liver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours³. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast⁴, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*to Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Bir. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch⁵; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I

"Trip and go, heave and hoe,

"Up and down, to and fro.—" MALONE.

³—colourable colours.] That is, specious, or fair seeming appearances. JOHNSON.

⁴—before repast,] Thus the quarto, 1598. Folio—being repast.

MALONE.

⁵ I am toiling in a pitch,] Alluding to Lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[gets up into a tree.]

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Bir. [*aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

King. [*reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows⁶:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright*
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—*

⁶ *The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phrase however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that night flows down his cheeks.* Shakspeare, in one of his other plays, uses *night of dew*, for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect, in which.

STEEVEN

* *Nor shines the silver moon,* &c.] So in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*.

"But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,

"Shone, like the moon in water, seen by night." MALONE.

HO

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*steps aside.*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! [*aside.*]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers?¹

[*aside.*]

King. In love, I hope²; Sweet fellowship in shame!

[*aside.*]

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.

[*aside.*]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? [*aside.*]

Bir. I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

[*aside.*]

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his sloop³.

[*aside.*]

Long. This same shall go.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

[*reads.*]

(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

¹—he comes in like a perjure, &c.] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

² In love, I hope; &c.] In the old copy this line is given to Longaville.

The present regulation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his sloop.] I suppose this alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of Casa's *Galatea* is this precept: "Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubed with garding: that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes* hose, or *Cupid's doublet*." FARMER.

Slopes are large and wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's time. THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*slop*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

Guards have been already explained. MALONE.

A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;
 If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,
 To lose an oath to win a paradise ¹ ?

Bir. [*aside.*] This is the liver vein ², which makes flesh
 a deity ;

A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
 God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this ?—Company ! stay.

[*stepping aside.*]

Bir. [*aside.*] All hid, all hid ³, an old infant play ;
 Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
 More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish ;
 Dumain, transform'd : four woodcocks in a dish ⁴ !

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Bir. O most prophane coxcomb !

[*aside.*]

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

Bir. By earth she is not, corporal ; there you lie ⁵. [*aside.*]

Dum.

¹ To lose an oath to win a paradise ?] *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, in which this sonnet is also found, reads—To break an oath. But the opposition between lose and win is much in our author's manner.

MALONE.

² — the liver vein,] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

³ All hid, all hid,] The children's cry at *hide and seek*. MUSGRAVE.

⁴ — four woodcocks in a dish.] A woodcock was a proverbial term for a silly fellow. See p. 151. n. 6. MALONE.

⁵ By earth she is not, corporal ; there you lie.] Mr. Theobald says that Dumain had no post in the army, and therefore reads—she is but corporal, understanding the latter word in the sense of *corporeal* : but it should be remembered that Biron in a former scene, when he perceives that he is in love, exclaims—

And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours——!

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted⁶.

Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [aside.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say:

Her shoulder is with child.

[aside.

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[aside.

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

[aside.

Bir. Amen, so I had mine; is not that a good word?

[aside.

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood⁷, and will remember'd be.

Bir. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in sawcers; Sweet misprision! [aside.

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [aside.

Why then may he not in jest apply that appellation to another, which he has already given to himself? He only means by the title, that Dumain in one of Cupid's *Aid-de-camps*, as well as himself.

If *corporal* is to be considered as an adjective, Theobald's emendation appears to me to be absolutely necessary.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right. In the text therefore, for *not*, read *but*.

The word *corporal* in Shakspeare's time was used for *corporeal*. So, in *Macbeth*, "each *corporal* agent." Again:

" ——— and what seem'd *corporal*, melted

" As breath into the wind."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

" His *corporal* motion govern'd by my spirit,"

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, (See p. 31, n. 7.) and in other places. MALONE.

⁶ — for foul have amber quoted.] Quoted here, I think, signifies, marked, written down. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

" He quoted for a most perfidious slave."

The word in the old copies is *coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnson has observed, in the last scene of this play,) is only the old spelling of *quoted*, owing to the transcriber's trusting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. To *cote* is elsewhere used by our author, with the signification of overtake, but that will by no means suit here. MALONE.

⁷ — but a fever she

Reigns in my blood,] So, in *Hamlet*:

" For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages." STEEVENS.

Dum.

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day !)*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find⁸ ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But alack, my hand is sworn⁹,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn¹ :
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou for whom Jove would swear²,
Juno but an Ethiopie were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send, and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain³.
 O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,
 'That in love's grief desire'st society :

⁸ — *'gan passage find* ;] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio, have —*gan*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wish* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ — *my hand is sworn*,] A copy of this sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads :

“ But, alas ! my hand hath sworn.”

It is likewise printed as Shakspeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *from thy thorn* :] So Mr. Pope. The original copy reads *throne*. MALONE.

² — *Jove would swear*,] *Swear* is here used as a dissyllable. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*ev'n Jove*—which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

³ — *my true love's fasting pain*] *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting*. JOHNSON.

You

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, Sir, [*advancing.*] you blush; as his, your
case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

I have been closely shrowded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion:

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

One, her hairs were gold⁴, crystal the other's eyes:

You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*to Long.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*to Dumain.*

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear

Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear⁵?

How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— [*descends.*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms for loving, that are most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches⁶; in your tears

There is no certain prince that appears:

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

⁴ One, her hairs—] the folio reads—On her hairs, &c. I some years ago conjectured that we should read, One, her hairs were gold, &c. i. e. the hairs of one of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as clear as crystal. The king is speaking of the panegyrics pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses. On examining the first quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for so it reads. One and on are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's plays. See a note on *K. John*, Act. iii. sc. iii. MALONE.

⁵ — whi. b such zeal did swear? See p. 228. n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ Your eyes do make no coaches;] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet:

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee." STEEVENS.

The old copy has—coaches. Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

But

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!⁷
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!⁸
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

⁷ *To see a king transformed to a gnat!*] Alluding to the singing of that insect, suggested by the poetry the King had been detected in. HEATH.

Mr. Tollet seems to think it contains an allusion to St. Matthew, ch. xxiii. v. 24. where the metaphorical term of a *gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald and the succeeding editors read—to a *knot*.

The original reading, and Mr. Heath's explanation of it, are confirmed by a passage in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. ii. c. ix.:

“As when a swarme of *gnats* at even-tide
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
 Their murmuring small *trompettes* founden wide,” &c.

MALONE.

A *knot* is, I believe, a true lover's *knot*, meaning that the King

—— lay'd his wreathed arms about

His loving bosom—

so long, i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *sat* is in some counties pronounced *set*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhyme. In the *Tempest* the same thought occurs:

“—— sitting,

“His arms in this sad *knot*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — critic *Timon*—] *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Jago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is supported by our author's 112th Sonnet:

“—— my adder's sense

“To *critic* and to *flatterer* stopped are.” MALONE.

Bit.

Bir. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you ;
 I that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With men like men, of strange inconstancy⁹.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
 Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me¹ ? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ; Whither away so fast ?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Bir. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the King ! *[offers him a paper.]*

King. What present hast thou there ?

⁹ *With men like men, of strange inconstancy.*] Thus the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *With vane-like men*. The following passage in *K. Henry VI.* P. iii. adds some support to his conjecture :

“ Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

“ And as the air blows it to me again,

“ Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

“ And yielding to another when it blows,

“ Commanded always by the greater gust ;

“ Such is the lightness of your common men.”

Mr. Mason, whose remarks on our author's plays have just reached my hands, proposes, with great acuteness, to read

With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.

So, Juliet :

“ O swear not by the moon, the *inconstant* moon.”

Again, more appositely, in *As you Like It* : “—I being but a *moonish* youth, changeable,”—*inconstant*, &c.

Dr. Johnson thinks the poet might have meant—“ *With men like common men*.” So also Mr. Heath : “ With men of strange inconstancy, as men in general are.”

Strange, which is not in the quarto or first folio, was added by the editor of the second folio, and consequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's ; for all the additions in that copy were manifestly arbitrary, and are generally injudicious. MALONE.

I believe the emendation [*vane-like*] is proper. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ If speaking, why a *vane* blown with all winds.” STEEVENS.

¹ *In pruning me ?*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he pricks and flecks his feathers. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part i :

“ Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up

“ The crest of youth.” STEEVENS.

Cost.

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson * misdoubts it; 'twas treason he said.

King. Biron, read it over.— [giving him the letter.
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Bir. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [picks up the pieces.
[to Cost.] you were
born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my Lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the
mefs:

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,

Are prick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true; we are four:—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.

Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven shew his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born,

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

* Our parson—] Here, as in a former instance, (see p. 219) in the authentic copies of this play, this word is spelt *person*; but there being no reason for adhering here to the old spelling, the modern in conformity to the rule generally observed in this edition, is preferred. MALONE.
King.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star², scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón³:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

Fye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs⁴;

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

² My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star,—]

—— Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. HOR. MALONE.

Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion:

*You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?* JOHNSON.

³ My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of Birón is accented on the second syllable. In the first quarto, 1593, and the folio 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Birón*. MALONE.

⁴ To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:] So in our author's 21st Sonnet:

"I will not praise, that purpose not to sell." MALONE.

A wither'd

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
 O 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine !
King. By heaven thy love is black as ebony.
Bir. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine ⁵ !
 A wife of such wood were felicity.
 O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
 That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look :
 No face is fair, that is not full as black*.
King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons, and the fowl of night ⁶ ;
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well ⁷ .
Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

⁵ — *O wood divine !*] The old copies read—*O word*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's ; and has been adopted by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

* — *beauty doth beauty lack,*

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full as black.] So, in our poet's 132d

Sonnet :

" — those two mourning eyes become thy face :—

" O, let it then as well become thy heart

" To mourn for me ;—

" Then will I swear, *beauty herself is black,*

" *And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*"

See also his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

⁶ — *Black is the badge of hell,*

— the fowl of night,] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation.

Old copies—*school*. In our author's 148th Sonnet we have

" Who art as black as hell, as dark as night. MALONE.

⁷ *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well*] *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the King, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is the *crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful : *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *crest* becomes the heavens well,] i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. So, the word *crest* is explained by the poet himself in *King John* :

" — This is the very *top*,

" The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*

" Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakespeare therefore assumes the liberty to use it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*, as he has used *spire* in *Coriolanus* :

" to the *spire* and *top* of praises vouch'd." TOLLET.

O, if

O, if in black my Lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair^s,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

[*showing his shoe.*]

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Bir. O nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets⁹, how to cheat the devil.

⁸—and *usurping hair*,] And, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Usurping hair* alludes to the fashion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. The sentiments here uttered by Birón may be found, in nearly the same words, in our author's 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

⁹—some quilllets—] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-dilettante. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. WARBURTON.

Dum.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms¹:
 Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
 To fast—to study—and to see no woman;—
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:
 And abstinence engenders maladies.
 And where that you have vow'd to study, Lords,
 In that each of you hath forsworn² his book:
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
 For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, universal plodding prisons up³
 The nimble spirits in the arteries⁴;
 As motion, and long-during action, tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
 And study too the causer of your vow:
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye⁵?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.

¹ — *affection's men at arms:*] *A man at arms* is a soldier armed at all points, both offensively and defensively. It is no more than *le soldat d'affection*. JOHNSON.

² — *hath forsworn*—] Old Copies—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ — *prisons up*—] The quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, read—*poisons up*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A passage in *King John* may add some support to it:

“Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,

“Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,

“Which else runs trickling up and down the veins, &c.” MALONE.

⁴ *The nimble spirits in the arteries:*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from *ἀσπερ τρέψω*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, Lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books⁶;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers⁷, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors * have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices:
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd⁸;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,

⁶ — our books;] i. e. our true books, from which we derive most information;—the eyes of women. MALONE.

⁷ In leaden contemplation have found out

Such fiery numbers—] Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than poetical measures. Could you, says Biron, by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical fire, such spritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eye of beauty? JOHNSON.

* Of beauteous tutors—] Old Copies beauty's. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁸ — the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his senses of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. WARBURTON.

"The suspicious head of theft" is the head suspicious of theft. "He watches like one that fears robbing," says Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grinime tells us, in *Damon and Pythias*:

"A heavy pouch with golde makes a light heart." FARMER.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation, in support of which Mr. Mason observes, that "the thief is as watchful on his part as the person who fears to be robbed; and Biron poetically makes theft a person." MALONE.

Still

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides⁹?
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair¹;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes * heaven drowsy with the harmony².

Never

⁹ *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?*] The *Hesperides* were the daughters of Hesperus, who, according to some writers, were possessed of those golden apples which Hercules carried away, though they were guarded by a dragon. More ancient mythologists suppose them to have been possessed of some very beautiful sheep. Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Hesperides," and seems to have thought that the latter word, was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we say, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c.

Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately observed, are chargeable with the same inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
 "Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
 "That watch the garden, call'd HESPERIDES."

The word may have been used in the same sense in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the Hesperides,
 "Shutteth the garden's gate—." MALONE.

¹ *As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;*] These words are to be taken in their literal sense; and, in the stile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs in Lilly's *Mydas*, [1592] Act. IV. sc. 1. Pan tells Apollo, "Had thy lute been of laurel, and the strings of Daphne's hair, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes." T. WARTON.

The same thought occurs in *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1608:

"Hath he not torn those gold wires from thy head,
 "Wherewith Apollo would have strung his harp,
 "And kept them to play music to the gods." STEEVENS.

* For *makes*, read *make*, for the reason assigned in the note. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "— for every one of these letters are in my name."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*:

"The venom of such looks, we fairly hope
 "Have lost their quality."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"The posture of your blows are yet unknown."

Again, more appositely, in *K. John*:

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 "Make ill deeds done."

So Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

"The outside of her garments were of lawn."

See also, the sacred writings: "The number of the names together were about an hundred and twenty." Acts i. 15. MALONE.

² *And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods*

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.] The old copies read—*make*.
 The

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive³:

They

The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakspeare often fall into the same inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this speech the same error occurs: "— each of you have forsworn—" MALONE.

The meaning is, whenever love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

When LOVE speaks (says Biron) the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.

STEEVENS.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

And, when love speaks, (the voice of all,) the gods

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to speak with every tongue; and the gods (being drowsy themselves with the harmony) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakspeare of having read *Pindar*, one should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as, I think, some one has proposed before;

—— the voice makes all the gods

Of heaven drowsy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth some ditty, that vast hell may ring

"With charms all-potent, earth asleep to bring."

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"—— music call, and strike more dead

"Than common sleep, of all these five the sense." STEEVENS.

So also in *K. Henry I.* P. ii:

"—— softly, pray;

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

"Unless some dull and favourable hand

"Will whisper music to my wearied spirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Most heavenly music!

"It nips me into listening, and thick slumber

"Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest." MALONE.

³ From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,
 and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton

was

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent :
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear :
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ⁴ ;
 Or for men's sake, the authors * of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
 It is religion, to be thus forsworn :
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them, Lords :
 Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them †.

was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revision. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

Biron repeats the principal topics of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recal the attention of the auditors to the subject of their discourse. MASON.

⁴ — *a word that loves all men* ;] i. e. that is pleasing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time—it *likes me* well, for it *pleases me*. Shakspeare uses the word thus licentiously, merely for the sake of the antithesis. *Men*, in the following line, are with sufficient propriety said to be authors of women, and these again of men, the aid of both being necessary to the continuance of human kind. There is surely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been proposed to be made in these lines. MALONE.

I think no alteration should be admitted in these four lines, that destroys the artificial structure of them, in which, as has been observed by the author of the *Revision*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *sake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

* — *the authors*—] Old Copies—*author*. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

† — *but be first advis'd*,

In conflict that you get the sun of them.] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth, at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had also an equivoque in his thoughts. MALONE.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love⁵, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted.
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn⁶;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure⁷. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit*⁸.

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir: your reasons at dinner
have been sharp and sententious⁹; pleasant without scurrility,
witty

⁵ *Fore-run fair Love,*] i. e. Venus. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:
“Now for the love of *Love*, and her soft hours—.” MALONE.

⁶ —*sow'd cockle reap'd no corn*;) This proverbial expression intimates,
that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood.
The following lines lead us to this sense. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's first interpretation of this passage, which is preserved in Mr. Theobald's edition—“if we don't take the proper measures for winning these ladies, we shall never achieve them,”—is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's second thoughts.
MALONE

⁷ Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Satis quod sufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feast. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Your reasons at dinner have been,* &c.] I know not well what degree
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witty without affection¹, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse preemptory, his tongue filed², his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical³. He is too picked⁴, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms†, such insociable and point-devise⁵ companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt: det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf;

of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the schoolmaster's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté*. JOHNSON.

So, again in this play:

"Yet fear not thou, but speak *audaciously*." STEEVENS.

¹ — *without affection*,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*:

"No matter that might indite the author of *affection*."

So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio is call'd "an *affection'd* ass." STEEVENS.

² — *his tongue filed*,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in their use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise. STEEVENS.

³ — *thraasonical*] The use of the word *thraasonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. FARMER.

⁴ — *too picked*,] i. e. nicely dressed. The substantive *pickedness* is used by Ben Jonson for *nicety in dress*. *Discoveries*—"too much *pickedness* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593:—"he might have shewed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the fictionate person of Hermaphroditus." MALONE.

† — *such fanatical phantasms*,] See p. 211. n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ — *point-devise*] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. STEEVENS.

neighbour,

neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable⁶, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie⁷; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone?—bone, for bene: *Priscian*⁸ a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[to Moth.

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not Sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps†.

[to Costard aside.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words⁹! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*¹: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon².

⁶—*abominable*,] So the word is constantly spelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books. STEEVENS.

⁷—*it insinuateth me of insanie*;] The old copies read—*insanie*. This emendation, as well as that in the next speech (*bone*, instead of *bene*.) is Mr. Theobald's. Dr. Farmer with great probability proposes to read—*it insinuateth men of insanie*. MALONE.

Insanie appears to have been a word anciently used. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Bone?—bone for bene: Priscian a little scratch'd*;—] *Diminuis Priscian caput*—is applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

This passage, which in the old copies is very corrupt, was amended by the commentator above-mentioned. MALONE.

⁹—*the alms-basket of words*!] i. e. the refuse of words. STEEVENS.

† *They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps*] So, in *Christ's Teares over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "The phrase of sermons, as it ought to agree with the scripture, so heed must be taken, that their whole sermon seem not a banquet of the broken fragments of scripture." MALONE.

The refuse meat of families was put into a basket in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all those pieces of broken meat into the basket for the poor." MALONE.

¹ *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*:] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

²—*a flap-dragon*.] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on *King Henry IV.* Part ii. Act ii. sc. ult. STEEVENS.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*to Hol.*] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels³ if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them; a, e, i—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u⁴.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit⁵: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*⁶; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Coff. An I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would'st thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the

³ *The third of the five vowels*—] The old copies read—the *loft*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

⁴ — *the other two concludes it*; o, u.] By o, u, *Moth* would mean *Ob you*; i. e. you are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

⁵ — *a quick venew of wit*.] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-school. STEVENS.

A *venue*, as has already been observed, is not a *bout* at fencing, but “A sweet touch of wit, (says Armado) a smart *bit*.” So, in *The Famous History of Captain Thomas Stukeley*, bl. l. 1605: “—for forfeits, and *vennyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns.” MALONE.

⁶ — *circum circa*.] Old Copies—*unum cita*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house?⁷
on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head⁸:—and among other importunate and most serious designs—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with

⁷ — the charge-house] I suppose, is the *free-school*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I do beseech thee*, remember thy courtesy;—*I beseech thee*, apparel thy head:] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor; and that we should read—I do beseech thee, remember *not* thy courtesy.—Armado is boasting of the familiarity with which the king treats him, and intimates (“but let that pass,”) that when he and his Majesty converse, the king lays aside all state, and makes him wear his hat: “*I do beseech thee*, (will he say to me) *remember not thy courtesy*; do not observe any ceremony with me; *be covered*.” “The putting off the hat at the table (says Florio in his *Second Frutes*, 1591, is a kind of *courtesie* or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwise.”

These words may, however, be addressed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may suppose to have stood uncovered from respect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parenthesis. To whomsoever the words are supposed to be addressed, the commendation appears to me equally necessary. It is confirmed by a passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: “Give me your neif, Mounseur Mustardseed. Pray you, *leave your courtesie*, Mounseur.”

In *Hamlet*, the prince, when he desires Ofrick to “put his bonnet to the right use,” begins his address with the same words which Armado uses: but unluckily is interrupted by the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from using the very word which I suppose to have been accidentally omitted here:

“*Ham.* I beseech you remember—

“*Ofr.* Nay, good my Lord, for my ease, in good faith.”

with my excrement², with my muslachio : but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman—before the Princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman¹, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

In the folio copy of this play, we find in the next scene:

“O, that your face were so full of o's—”
instead of—were *not* so full, &c. MALONE.

² — *dally with my excrement,*—] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in the *Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *myself, or this gallant gentleman*—] The old copy has *and this*, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—shall pass *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the speaker must mean that the swain shall, in representing Pompey, *surpass* him, “because of his great limb.” MALONE.

Hol.

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not², an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*³, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, CATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax⁴;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

²—if this fadge not] i. e. suit not. STEEVENS.

³ *Via*—] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!*

STEEVENS.

⁴—to make his god-head wax;] To wax anciently signified to grow.
It is yet said of the moon, that she waxes and wanes. STEEVENS.

She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse⁵, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff⁶;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i'the dark.

Cath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care⁷.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew;

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

⁵ — mouse,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse." MALONE.

⁶ — taking it in snuff;] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle. See *K. Henry IV.* P. i. A. i. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

⁷ — for, *Past cure is still past care.*] The old copy reads—*past care is still past cure.* The transposition was proposed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it must be owned, is supported by a line in *King Richard II.*:

"Things past redress are now with me past care."

So also in a pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632: "She had got this adage in her mouth, *Things past cure, past care.*"—Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet, seem rather in favour of the old reading:

"Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

"And frantic mad with evermore unrest." MALONE.

Ref. 'Ware pencils⁸! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's⁹!

Cath. A pox of that jest¹! and beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain!

Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ref. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I know he were but in by the week²!

How

⁸ 'Ware pencils!] Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Catharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes the meaning of this sentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Rosaline says that Birón had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Catharine compares her to a text B. Rosaline, in reply, advises her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate; which she afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small pox oes. MASON.

⁹ —so full of O's] i. e. pimples. Shakspeare talks of "—fiery O's and eyes of light." in another play. STEEVENS.

¹ A pox of that jest! &c.] This line which in the old copies is given to the Princess, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Catharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expression, shew that—"I beshrew," the reading of those copies, was a mistake of the transcriber. MALONE.

Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a Princess. But there needs no alarm—the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Catharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonnet on his lady's sickness of the pox: and Dr. Donne writes to his sister: "—at my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the poxe—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

² —in by the week!] This I suppose to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him. The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "What, are you in

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;
 And wait the season, and observe the times,
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes :
 And shape his service wholly to my behests³,
 And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
 So portent-like would I o'erfway his state⁴,
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so⁵ surely caught, when they are catch'd,
 As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
 Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness⁶.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
 As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

by the week? So ; I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner."
 Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604 :

" Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year."

STEEVENS.

³ — *wholly to my behests* ;] The quarto 1598, and the first folio, read—to my device. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the second folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy. MALONE.

⁴ *So portent-like, &c.*] In former copies—*So pertaunt-like, &c.* In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems, to avoid Death or Fate ; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of Fate. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*.

" ——— *morely thou art Death's Fool ;*

" *For him thou labour'st by thy sight to shun,*

" *And yet run'st towards him still.*"

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent like*, i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to forebode, but to influence. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*. WARBURTON.

This emendation appeared first in the Oxford Edition. MALONE.

⁵ *None are so, &c.*] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *to wantonness.*] The quarto 1598, and the first folio have—to wantons be. For this emendation we are likewise indebted to the second folio. MALONE.

Boy.

Boy. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boy. Prepare, Madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Must your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid¹! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbouring thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestic would put him out;
For, quoth the King, *an angel shalt thou see;*
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously;
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd; and cry'd, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous² appears,

¹ Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid!] The princess of France invokes with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppose his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

² —spleen ridiculous—] is, a ridiculous fit. JOHNSON.

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears *.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus—
Like Muscovites, or Ruffians: as I guess^o,
Their purpose is, to parle, to count, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline—
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Cath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face¹.

Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

* — *passion's solemn tears.*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears

"The passion of loud laughter never shed." MALONE.

^o *Like Muscovites, or Ruffians:*] The settling commerce in Russia was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the public. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. WARBURTON.

¹ — *her face.*] The first folio, and the quarto 1598, have—*his face*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in², if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boy. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

[*The ladies mask.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and
Attendants.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich tassata³.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.

Dir. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boy. True, out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold!—

Dir. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boy. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Dir. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue.

Ref. What would these strangers? know their minds,

Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

²—will ne'er come in] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—
will e'er. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

³—than rich tassata.] i. e. the tassata masks they wore to conceal
themselves. Boyet is sneering at the absurdity of complimenting the
beauty of the ladies, when they were mask'd. THEOBALD.

This line is given in the old copies to Biron. The present regulation
is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Boy.

Boy. What would you with the Princess?

Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boy. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure ⁴ with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boy. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the funthine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, that do as such clouds do!

⁴ *To tread a measure,*] The measures were dances solemn and slow. So in *Orchestra*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1622:

" ——— all the feet whereon these measures go,

" Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow."

They were performed at Court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters of the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*. REED.

See Beatrice's description of this dance in *Much Ado About Nothing*, p. 38. MALONE.

⁵ *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars—*] When Queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard*, said he, *to judge of stars in presence of the sun.* JOHNSON.

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars⁵, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watry cyne.

Ref. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

Ref. Play, music, then: nay you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ref. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man⁶.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ref. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ref. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ref. Only to part friends:

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ref. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

Ref. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ref. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ref. In private then.

King. I am well pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Bir. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog⁷, Ill play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

⁶ — the man.] I suspect, that a line which rhimed with this, has been lost. MALONE.

⁷ Since you can cog,] To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye. JOHNSON.

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Ref. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

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Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

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Ref. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*]

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Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

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Prin.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Bir. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Cath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, Lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir;—I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman⁸; Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair Lady?

Cath. No, a fair Lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste Lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ref. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

⁸ Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—] I suppose by *veal*, she means *well*, sounded as foreigners usually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question. MALONE.

Prin.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.*]

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits² they have; grofs, grofs; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to night?

Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases¹!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I²; my servant straight was mute.

Cath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps³.
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin.

¹ *Well-liking wits*—] *Well-liking* is the same as *urbanpoint*. So, in *Job*, ch. xxxix. v. 4. "Their young ones are in *good-liking*." STEEVENS.

² *O! they were all, &c.*] *O*, which is not found in the first quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ *No point, quoth I*;] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly spoken, is not founded like the point of a sword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this, and other passages, it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at present.

The former supposition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In the *Return from Parnassus* 1606, Philomusus says—"Tit, tit, tit, non paynte; non debet fieri," &c. See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v.

"Punto—never a whit;—no point, as the Frenchmen say."

MALONE.

³—*better wits have worn plain statute-caps*.] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Woolen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth, to be worn by all above six years of age (except the nobility and some others) on sabbath-days and holy-days, under the penalty of ten groats. GREY.

I think

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boy. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boy. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dis-mask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown⁴.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Rof. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear⁵;

I think my own interpretation of this is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens, who are not in general remarkable for fallies of imagination.* In Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says—"though my husband be a citizen, and his cap's made of wool, yet I have wit." Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1606: "Tis a law enacted by the common council of *statute-caps*." Again, in *Newes from Hell*, brought by the *Devil's carrier*, 1606: "—in a bowling alley, in a *flat-cap*, like a *scap-keeper*." STEEVENS.

The statute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which these statute-caps are described, "*plain statute caps*," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *bats*, adorned with feathers. So they are represented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from some stage tradition. MALONE.

⁴ *Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.*] *Ladies unmask'd*, says Boyet, *are like angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. JOHNSON.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval*, [Terme de batelier] down, downward, down the stream. So, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, 1575: "—as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *shapeless gear*;) *Shapeless* for uncouth. WARBURTON.

And

And wonder, what they were ; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boy. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS⁶, ROS. CAT. and MAR.]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair Sir, God save you ! Where's the Princess ?

Boy. Gone to her tent : Please it your Majesty,
Command me any service to her thither ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will ; and so will she, I know, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Dir. This fellow pecks⁷ up wit, as pigeons peas⁸ ;
And utters it again when God doth please !
He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels⁹, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :
He can carve too, and lisp¹ : Why, this is he,

That

⁶ *Exeunt* Princess, &c.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *This fellow pecks*—] **This** is the reading of the first quarto: The folio has—*picks*.

That the original is the true reading, is ascertained by one of Nashe's tracts; *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594: "The sower scattered some seed by the highway side, which the fowles of the ayre peck'd up."

MALONE.

⁸—*as pigeons peas* ;] This expression is proverbial :

"Children pick up words as pigeons peas,

"And utter them again as God shall please."

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁹—*wassels*,] *Wassels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. STEEVENS.

Wass *beal*, that is, be of health, was a salutation first used by the Lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a custom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth night, to carry a *Wassel* or *Wassail* bowl from house to house, which was presented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in process of time *wassel* signified intemperance in drinking, and also a meeting for the purposes of festivity. MALONE.

¹ *He can carve too, and lisp* :] I cannot cog, (says Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives*

That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy ;
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
 A mean ² most meanly ; and in ushering,
 Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth as white as whales bone ³ :
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the PRINCESS, usher'd by BOYET ; ROSALINE, MARIA,
 CATHARINE, and Attendants.*

Eir. See, where it comes !—Behaviour, what wert thou ⁴,
 Till this mad man shew'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of day !

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you : and purpose now
 To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow :
 Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;
 The virtue of your eye must break my oath ⁵.

Prin.

Wives of Windsor, and say thou art this and that, like many of these
 lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel—"

MALONE.

² A mean—] The *mean*, in music, is the tenor. STEEVENS.

³ — as whales bone :] The Saxon genitive case. So, in the *Mid-summer Night's Dream* :

"Swifter than the moones sphere."

It should be remembered that some of our ancient writers suppose *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale*. The same simile occurs in the black letter romance of *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, in that of *Sir Ispanbras*, and in *The Squire of Low Degree*. STEEVENS.

As white as whales bone, is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. See Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. i. ft. 15 ; and Lord Surrey, folio 14. edit. 1567. T. WARTON.

⁴ — Behaviour, *what wert thou*,] *Behaviour* here signifies—courtly or studied manners. MALONE.

⁵ *The virtue of your eye must break my oath*.] I believe the author means

Prin. You nick-name virtue : vice you should have spoke ;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unfully'd lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest :
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my Lord ; it is not so, I swear ;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game :
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, Madam ? Russians ?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my Lord ;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true :—It is not so, my Lord :
My Lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my Lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me.—My gentle sweet ⁶,
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet ⁷
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light : Your capacity

means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The Princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

[*My gentle sweet*,] The word *my*, which is wanting in the first quarto, and folio, I have supplied. *Sweet* is generally used as a substantive by our author, in his addresses to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — When you speak, *sweet*,

“ I'd have you do it ever.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ And now, good *sweet*, say thy opinion.”

Again, in *Othello* :

“ O, my *sweet*,

“ I prattle out of tune.”

The editor of the second folio, with less probability, (as it appears to me,) reads—*fair, gentle, sweet*. MALONE.

[— *when we greet*, &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wife things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ref. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye—

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ref. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ref. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ref. Which of the **vizors** was it, that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?

Ref. There, then, that vizor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my Lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ref. Help, help his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus **pour** the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, Lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in vizor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Tassata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection^s,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

^s *Three pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,*] The modern editors read —*affection*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affection*;—"witty without *affection*." The word was used by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadrisyllable; and the rhyme such as they thought sufficient. MALONE.

[*Three-pil'd hyperboles,*] A metaphor from the pile of velvet. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says, "I have worn *three-pile*." STEEVENS.

I do forswear them : and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
 And, to begin, wench—so God help me, la!—
 My love to thee is found, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you ?

Bir. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—
 Write, *Lord have mercy upon us* ¹, on those three ;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
 These lords are visited ; you are not free.

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ? ²

Bir. Peace : for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude transgression
 Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

¹ *Sans, sans, I pray you.*] It is scarce worth remarking, that the context here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written *Sans sans*, i.e. without sans ; without French words : an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had sworn all affectation in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

² *Write, Lord have mercy on us—*] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions, and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received, JOHNSON.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 : " *Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city *pestilence*." MALONE.

³ *—how can this be true,*

That you should forfeit, being those that sue ?] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process? The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies to prosecute by law, or to offer a petition. JOHNSON.

King.

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your Lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear³.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble Lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the Princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either⁴; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't; Here was a consent⁵,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

³ — you force not to forswear.] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.

JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. x. ch. 59:

“ — he *forced* not to hide how he did err.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Neither of either;] This seems to have been a common expression in our author's time. It occurs, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

⁵ — a consent] i. e. a conspiracy. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part i.:

“ — the stars

“ That have consented to King Henry's death.” STEEVENS.

To dash it like a Christmas comedy :

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany⁶,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight⁷, some Dick—
That smiles his cheek in jeers⁸ ; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd—
Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn ; in will, and error.

⁶ — zany,] A zany is a buffoon, a Merry Andrew, a gross mimic.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *some trencher-knight,*] See below :

" And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,

" Holding a *trencher*, &c." MALONE.

⁸ — *some Dick,*

That smiles his cheek in jeers;] The old copies read—in *years*. The present emendation, which I proposed some time ago, I have since observed, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to support the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*, which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be used in that licentious sense, surely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. *into* wrinkles, as in a passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth Night* : " — he does *smile his cheek into* more *lines* than is in the new map, &c." The change being only that of a single letter for another nearly resembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly spelt *jeeres*) in the text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in use in our author's time than at present.

In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is used exactly as here :

" And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable scorns,

" That dwell in every region of his *face*."

At the end add—Again, in *The Epistle Dedicatorie* to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596 : " — nor Dick Swash, or *Desperate Dick*, that's such a terrible cutter at a chine of beefe, and devours more meat at ordinaries in discourfing of his fraies, and deep acting of his dishing and hewing, than would serve half a dozen brewers draymen."

MALONE.

Out-roaring Dick was a celebrated singer, who, with W. Wimbars, is said by Henry Chettle, in his *KIND HARTS DREAM*, to have got twenty shillings a day by singing at Braintree fair, in Essex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumstance adds some support to the emendation now made. From the following passage in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, it seems to have been a common term for a noisy swaggerer :

" O he, Sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed ;

" Bar him your house."

Again, in Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600 :

" A boy arm'd with a poking stick

" Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick*." MALONE.

Much upon this it is ² :—And might not you
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue? [to Boyet.
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire ¹ ?
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd ² ;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.
 You leer upon me, do you; there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage ³, this career been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, they would know,
 Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, Sir; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, Sir; under correction, Sir; I hope, it is
 not so:

You cannot beg us ⁴, Sir, I can assure you, Sir; we know
 what we know:

I hope, Sir, three times thrice, Sir—

Bir. Is not nine.

² *Much upon this it is:*] Dr. Johnson would give these words to
 Boyet. MALONE.

¹ — *by the squire?*] From *esquicrre*, Fr. a rule or square. The sense
 is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression in our own lan-
 guage, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so
 long, that he can persuade her to what he pleases. HEATH.

Squire in our author's time was the common term for a rule. See Min-
 shew's *Dict.* in v. The word occurs again in the *Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

² — *Go, you are allow'd;*] i. e. you may say what you will; you are
 a licensed fool, a common jester. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“*There is no slander in an allow'd fool.*” WARBURTON.

³ *Hath this brave manage—*] The old copy has *manager*. Corrected
 by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ *You cannot beg us—*] That is, we are not fools; our next relations
 cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal
 tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

C₂fl.

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the actors, Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am as they say, but to perfect one man—e'en one poor man⁵; Pompion the great, Sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompey the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him⁶.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir; we will take some care. [Exit Costard.]

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my Lord: and 'tis some policy To have one show worse than the King's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good Lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how: Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents⁷,

Their

⁵ —one man, e'en one poor man] The old copies read—in one poor man. For the emendation I am answerable. The same mistake has happened in several places in our author's plays. See my note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act. i. sc. iii. "You are shallow, madam," &c.

MALONE.

⁶ I know not the degree of the worthy, &c.] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are so ignorant as about the history of the character they are to represent.

STEEVENS.

⁷ That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal of them which it presents, &c.] The quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, read—of that which it presents. The context I think, clearly shews that *them* (which, as the passage is unintelligible in its original form, I have ventured to substitute;) was the poet's word. Which for *what* is common in our author; So, (to give one instance out of many,) in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"—— a civil doctor,

"Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me."

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth^s.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my Lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Arm. converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

and y^m and y^t were easily confounded; nor is the false concord introduced by this reading [of them who presents it,] any objection to it; for every page of these plays furnishes us with examples of the kind: So *dies* in the present line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almost every other passage where a singular corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predecessors, and corrected the error. Where rhimes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impossible. Thus we must still read in *Cymbelin*, *lies*, as in the line before us, *presents*:

"And Phœbus' gins to rise,

"His steeds to water at those springs

"On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.

Again, in the play before us:

"That in this spleen ridiculous *appears*,

"To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Again in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Whose own hard *dealings* teaches them suspect."

Dr. Johnson would read—

Die in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents.

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old Mss. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*.

The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the Princess, *pleases best, where the actors are least skilful; where zeal strives to please, and the contents, or, (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, great attempts, perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of those who present the sportive entertainment. To "present a play" is still the phrase of the theatre. It however may refer to contents, and that word may mean the most material part of their exhibition.*

MALONE.

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,

"Nor duty in his service perishing." JOHNSON.

^s — labouring *perish* in their birth.] Labouring here means, in the act of parturition. So Roscommon:

"The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born." MALONE.

Arm.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch :
for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical ; too,
too vain ; too, too vain : But we will put it, as they say, to
fortuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal
couplement⁹ ! [Exit ARMADO.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies :
He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the great ;
the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the
pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies¹ in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, tis not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool,
and the boy :—

Abate a throw at novum², and the whole world again
Cannot prick out³ five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.]

Pageant

⁹ *I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement !*] This singular
word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet :

" Making a *couplement* of proud compare—" MALONE.

¹ *And if these four worthies, &c.*] These two lines might have been
designed as a ridicule on the conclusion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594 :

" If this first part, gentles, do like you well,

" The second part shall greater murders tell." STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakspeare alludes to the shifts to which the actors
were reduced in the old theatres, one person often performing two or
three parts. MALONE.

² *Abate a throw at novum*—] *Abate* throw—is the reading of the
original and authentic copies; the quarto 1598, and the folio, 1623.
A bare throw, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the
second folio. I have added only the article, which seems to have been
inadvertently omitted. I suppose the meaning is, Except or put the
chance of the dice out of the question, and the world cannot produce
five such as these. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is used again by our au-
thor, in the same sense, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

" ——— those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

" Of the last monarchy."

" A bare throw at novum" is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

Novum (or *Novem*) appears to have been some game at dice. STEEV.

³ *Cannot prick out, &c.*] Dr. Grey proposes to read, *pick* out. So,
in *K. Henry IV.* P. i. : " Could the world *pick* thee out three such ene-
mies again ?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick* out,
is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have
reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies ⁴.

Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am—*

Bir. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am—*

Boy. With libbard's head on knee ⁵.

Bir. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big—*

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, Sir;—*Pompey surnamed the great; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat: And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance; And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet last of France.* If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey, I had done.*

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Pick is the reading of the quarto, 1598; *Cannot prick out*—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uses the same phrase in his 20th Sonnet, in the same sense;—*cannot point out by a picture or mark.* Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

“Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?” MALONE.

⁴ *Pageant of the nine worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is “The order of a shewe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621.”

“First 2 woodmen, &c.

“St. George fighting with the dragon.

“The 9 worthies in compleat armour with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him his shield and pennon of armes dressed according as these lords were accustomed to be: 3 Assaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians.

“After them, a Pamer, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthy women.”

Such a pageant as this, we may suppose it was the design of Shakespeare to ridicule, STEEVENS.

⁵ *With libbard's head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. WARBURTON.

See *Masquing* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: “The representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow or knee of some old-fashioned garments.”

TOLLET.

The *libbard*, as some of the old English glossaries inform us, is the male of the panther. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right ⁶.

Bir. Your nose smells, no, in his most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;

Boy. Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alifander.

Bir. Pompey the great—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

Cost. O, Sir, [to Nath.] you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a 'close-stool ⁷, will be given to A-jax ⁸ : he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak ! run away for shame, Alifander. [Nath. retires.] There,

⁶ — it stands too right.] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — lion, that holds his poll-ax, sitting on a close-stool,] This alludes to the arms given in the old history of the *Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battell-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597. p. 23. TOLLET.

⁸ A-jax ;] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and a *jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has these two lines :

"And I could wish, for their eternis'd fakes,

"My muse had plough'd with his that sung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, says, "Enquire, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*."

See also Sir John Harrington's *New Discourse of a stale Subject*, called, the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596 ; his *Anatomic of the metamorphosed Ajax*, no date ; and *Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596. All these performances are founded on the same conceit, of *Ajax* and *A-jakes*. To the first of them a license was refused, and the author was forbid the court, for writing it. STEEVENS.

an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alifander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted⁹:—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[*Exit MOTH.*

Judas I am—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, Sir.—

Judas I am, yeilded Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. *Judas I am—*

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boy. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir; you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boy. A cittern head¹

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boy. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask².

⁹ — a little o'er-parted:] That is, the part or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. MALONE.

¹ A cittern head.] So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:—"fiddling on a cittern with a man's broken head at it." STEEVENS.

² — on a flask.] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. STEEVENS.

Bir.

Bir. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion we would do so.

Boy. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for Monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble. [Holofernes retires.]

Prim. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan³ in respect of this.

Boy. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The omnipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg⁴.

Bir. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves⁵.

Dum.

³ *Hector was but a Trojan—*] A Trojan, I believe, was in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a thief. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part i.: "But there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, &c." Again, in this scene, "—unless you play the honest Trojan, &c." STEEVENS.

⁴ *A gilt nutmeg.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—A gift nutmeg; and if a gilt nutmeg had not been mentioned by Ben Jonson, (see Mr. Steevens's next note,) I should have thought it right. So, we say, a gift-horse, &c. MALONE.

⁵ *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange stuck with clove appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*;

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

*The armipotent Mars, of lances⁶ the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea⁷,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

I am that flower—

Dum. That mint,

Long. That columbine,

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against

Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound,

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breath'd,
he was a man—But I will forward with my device; sweet
royalty, [*to the Princess.*] bestow on me the sense of hear-
ing.

[*Biron whispers* Costard.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she
is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. 'Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor
wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly
already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamelize me among potentates? thou
shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that
is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead
by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boy. Renowned Pompey!

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great, Pompey!
Pompey the huge!

Masque: "he has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stick in
it. A gilt nutmeg is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same oc-
casion. STEEVENS.

⁶ — of lances] i. e. of lance men STEEVENS.

⁷ — he would fight, yea,] Thus all the old copies. Pope very plausibly
reads—he would fight ye; a common vulgarism. STEEVENS.

Dum.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates⁸; stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man⁹; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms¹ again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Moth. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen²: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-

⁸ — more Ates;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. John*:

"An *Até*, stirring him to war and strife." STEEVENS.

⁹ — like a northern man;] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

¹ — my arms] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

² — it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: &c.] To go woolward, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision*, Pass. xviii fol. 96. b. edit. 1550. It means clothed in wool, and not in linen. T. WARTON.

The same custom is alluded to in Powel's *History of Wales*, 1384: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come barefooted and woolward to crave mercy, &c." STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a

dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, Madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breath free breath; I have
seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion³,
and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious Lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal⁴ opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath⁵, your gentleness
guilty of it.—Farewel, worthy Lord!

swasfbuckler: "His common course is to go always untruss; except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes woolward." FARMER.

To this speech in the oldest copy *Boy*, is prefixed, by which designation most of Moth's speeches are marked. The name of *Boyet* is generally printed at length. It seems better suited to Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions. MALONE.

³ *I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,* I believe he means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion*, (i. e. not been too forward to resent them,) and will insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier. To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"One may see day at a little hole," is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Daylight will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's. STEEVENS.

⁴ — liberal —] Free to excess. See p. 131. n. 9. STEEVENS.

⁵ *In the converse of breath*—] Perhaps converse may, in this line, mean interchange. JOHNSON.

A heavy

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue⁶ :

Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form

All causes to the purpose of his speed ;

And often, at his very loose⁷, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate :

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,

The holy suit which fain it would convince⁸ ;

Yet since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it

From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not ; my griefs are double⁹.

Bir. Honest plain words¹ best pierce the ear of grief ;—
And by these badges understand the King.

For

⁶ *An heavy heart bears not an humble tongue.*] By *humble*, the Princess seems to mean *obsequiously thankful*. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

" Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key

" With 'bated breath, and whispering *humbleness*," &c.

A heavy heart, says the Princess, does not admit of that verbal obeisance which is paid by the humble to those whom they address. Farewell therefore at once. MALONE.

⁷ — *at his very loose*] *At his very loose* may mean, at the moment of his parting, i. e. of his getting loose, or away from us. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *which fain it would convince* ;] We must read—*which fain would it convince* ; that is, the entreaties of love which would fain over-power grief. So Lady Macbeth declares, "*That she will convince the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

⁹ *I understand you not ; my griefs are double.*] I suppose, she means, 1. on account of the death of her father ; 2. on account of not understanding the King's meaning.—A modern editor, instead of *double*, reads *deaf* ; but the former is not at all likely to have been mistaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

¹ *Honest plain words, &c.*] As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the Princess for the King in the King's presence at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus :

Prin. I understand you not ; my griefs are double :

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.

King. And by these badges, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the oppos'd end of our intents:
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms²,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance:
 Which party-coated presence of loose love,
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make³: Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false for ever to be true

original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, might have taken this speech out of the mouth of an inferior performer. STEEVENS.

In a former part of this scene Biron speaks for the King and the other lords, and being at length exhausted, tells them, they must woo for themselves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this respect; but think with Dr. Johnson that the line "Honest, &c." belongs to the Princess. MALONE.

² Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,] The old copies read — Full of *straying* shapes. Both the sense and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I suggested some time ago, "*strange shapes*" might have been easily confounded by the ear with the words that have been substituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with a corruption of the same kind, which could only have arisen in this way:

" — Better to starve

" Than crave the *higher* [hire] which first we do deserve."

The following passages of our author will, I apprehend, fully support the correction that has been made:

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,

" Applied to cautels, all *strange forms* receives." *Lover's Complaint*.
 Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" — the *impression* of *strange* kinds

" Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or skill."

In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—*Forraging* blood of French nobility, instead of *Forrage* in blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation. MALONE.

³ Suggested us—] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

To those that make us both—fair ladies, you :

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love :

Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast and as lining to the time ⁴ :

But more devout than this, in our respects ⁵,

Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, shew'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Rof. We did not quote them so ⁶.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves,

Prin. A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in ⁷ :

No, no, my Lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore, this—

⁴ *As bombast and as lining to the time.*] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *quadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight ; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The Princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, " my sweet creature of *bombast*."

STEEVENS,

⁵ *But more devout than this, in our respects*] *In*, which is wanting in the old copies, was added by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

⁶ *We did not quote them so.*] In the old copies—*cote* them. It is only the old spelling of *quote*. So again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

" Yea, the illiterate—

" Will *cote* my loathed trespass in my looks." MALONE.

We should read *quote*, esteem, reckon, though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably wrote *cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

We did not *quote* 'em so, i, *we did not regard them as such*. So, in *Hamlet* :

" I'm sorry, that with better heed and judgment

" I had not quoted him." See Act ii. sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁷ *To make a world-without-end bargain in.*] This singular phrase, which Shakspeare borrowed probably from our Liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sennet :

" Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour." MALONE.

If for my love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
 There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about their annual reckoning:
 If this austere infociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood:
 If frosts, and salts, hard lodging, and thin weeds⁸,
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial, and last love⁹;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts¹,
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
 My woeful self up in a mourning house;
 Raining the tears of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
 Neither intitled in the other's heart².

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
 Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

⁸ — and thin weeds,] i. e. cloathing. MALONE.

⁹ — and last love;] I suspect that the compositor caught this word from the preceding line, and that Shakspeare wrote—*last still*. If the present reading be right, it must mean—"if it continue still to deserve the name of love." MALONE.

¹ *Come challenge, challenge me—*] The old copies read (probably by the compositor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line) *Come challenge me, challenge me, &c.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

² *Neither intitled in the other's heart.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598, reads *intiled*, which may be right; neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the same kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Shall love in building grow so ruinate?"

Again, in his *Love's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,

"Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

"Left growing ruinous the building fall." MALONE.

Bir. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd³;
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick⁴.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Cath. Not so, my Lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the King doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet, swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Boy. Studies my Lady? Mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Birón,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day

³—your sins are rack'd;] i. e. extended "to the top of their bent."
So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:

"Why, then we rack the value."

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—are rank. MALONE.

⁴—of people sick.] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton were of opinion that this and the five preceding lines, though written by Shakspeare, were rejected by him, "he having executed the same thought a little lower with more spirit and elegance." MALONE.

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit⁵,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace;
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans⁶,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelve-month? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital⁷.

Prin. Ay, sweet my Lord; and so I take my leave.

[To the King.]

King. No, Madam: we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

⁵ —fierce endeavour] *Fierce* is vehement, rapid. So, in *King John*:

" ——— fierce extremes of sickness." STEEVENS.

⁶ — dear groans.] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dear*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only immediate, consequential. So, already in this scene:

——— full of dear guiltiness. STEEVENS.

⁷ The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline* suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have seen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumstance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

STEEVENS.

Bir.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have follow'd in the end of our show.

Long. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,
and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

S O N G.

Spr. *When daisies pied, and violets blue^a,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds^b of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,*

The

^a *When daisies pied, &c.*] The first lines of this song that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr Theobald. JOHNSON.

^b *Cuckoo-buds*—] Gerrard in his *Herbal*, 1597, says that the *stasculi*, *cardamine*, &c. are called "in English *cuckoo flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheshire *lady-smocks*." Shakspeare, however, might not have been sufficiently skilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has observed, that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *corvslips* are in French, of some called *coquuy*, prime vere, and *brayes de coquuy*. This he thinks will sufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he supposes *corvslip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Coen*, and *herbe a coquuy*. STEEVENS.

Cuckoo-buds must be wrong. I believe *corvslip-buds*, the true reading FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of B. Jonson's works, many years ago proposed to read—*crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw³,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl⁴,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To who;*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note;
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of
Apollo. You, that way; we, this way⁵. *Exeunt.*

Ibidem. And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. iii.

"What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

"Can neither call it perfect day nor night." MALONE.

Mr. Lamb observes in his notes on the ancient metrical History of the Battle of Flodden, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot." STEEVENS.

³ — the parson's saw,] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse.

So, in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate, b. i. c. 4.:

"These old poetes in their *sawes* swete

"Full covertly in their verses do fayne, &c." STEEVENS.

Yet, in *As You Like It*, our author uses this word in the sense of a sentence, or maxim: "Dead shepherd, now I find thy *saw* of might, &c." It is, I believe, so used here. MALONE.

⁴ When roasted crabs, &c.] *Crabs* are crab-apples. The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *Lamb's-wool* is produced. So, in *K. Henry V.* 1598, (not our author's play):

"Yet we will have in store a *crab* in the fire,

"With nut-brown ale, that is full stale," &c. MALONE.

So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"And sometimes lurk I in a *gossip's bowl*;

"In very likeness of a *roasted crab*." STEEVENS.

⁵ In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar: and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 171.

This child of fancy, that Armado bight, &c.] This, as I have shewn in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The French suffered an easier cure from their Doctor Rabelais, who enough discredited the books of chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined politics* of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *romantic bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakspeare makes their characteristic in this description of a Spanish gentleman:

*A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado bight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*

The sense of which is to this effect: *This gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile.* Why he says *from tawny Spain*, is because these romances, being of the Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subjects of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the south part of Spain: the other, our Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Two of these peers, whom the old romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakspeare makes Alençon,

in the first part of Henry VI. say; "Froyssard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the Third did reign." In the Spanish romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva* ||, or simply *Oliva*, those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Eccetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, à otro llamado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission alguna*." And of Oliver he says, "essa Oliva se haga luego raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas†." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the devil called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad-sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of our plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the Spaniards, of giving one a *Rowland for his Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, to *swagger*. This deriving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fué el primero de Cavallerias qui se imprimió en Espana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen de deste §;" and for which he humorously condemns it to the fire, *como à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second race* or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Grecia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as *Roncesvalles* is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and

* Dr. Warburton is quite mistaken in deriving Oliver from (*Palmerin de Oliva*, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spanish language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spanish, *Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe*, in fol. en Valladolid 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, *Histoire d'Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe, son loyal compaignon, & de Heleine, fille au Roy d'Angle-terre*, in translation du Latin par Phil. Ramus, in fol. Gothique. It has also appeared in English. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94. 47. Percy.

* B. i. c. 6.

† Ibid.

§ Ibid.

Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir J. Maundevile, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. "And also a zonge man, that wist not of the dragoun, went out of the schipp, and went through the isle, till that he cam to the castelle, and cam into the cave; and went so long till that he found a chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kysse hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no manner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykeness of a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hidecouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doute, I am none other than thou seest now a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kysse me, thou schal't have all this tresoure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed, &c. p. 29, 30. ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in form and lykenesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred sadame in lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And they of the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakspeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* bath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*.) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From him therefore the Spanish

Spanish romances took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I suspect by design; for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saricino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greal. This Saint Greal was the famous relic of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy & Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of their knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Lancelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. "Là confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; et si tu es moult & éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peux estre recorde si non par trois choses: premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par œuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite. — Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grandepartie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de viint menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c. — Après print discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la recent." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As, first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade: secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and, thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted justs and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. "*Torneamenta ipsa & hostiludia sive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, &*

"aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis G. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn jousts and tournaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation*. WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to any story in any romance of chivalry. With what propriety therefore a dissertation upon the origin and nature of those romances is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to shew, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly—that *Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these* [books of chivalry] *in that superficial work.*"—The fact is true, that *Monsieur Huet* has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—"putting the charge upon his reader," and "dropping his proper subject" for another, "that had no relation to it more than in the name," is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory address to *De Segrain*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the *Astrée* of *D'Urfè*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be "*fiCTIONS des aventures amoureuses*;" and he excludes epic poems from the number, because—"Enfin les poèmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plupart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires." After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *superficial work*, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W.'s own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances*

* See Part ii. l. 5. c. 1.

of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes, and the scene were generally of that country; 2. That the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following; 1. That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original; 2. That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.

Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves, in the several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious; and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr. W.'s first position, that romances of chivalry were of Spanish original, cannot be maintained. Monsieur Huet would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont postérieurs à nos Tristans et à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indisputable. Cervantes, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the first book of chivalry printed in Spain. Though he says only printed, it is plain that he means written. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s second position, that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of *Du Fresnoy's Bibliothèque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was not generally in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there: except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

His last position, that the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus; the subject of some, a few, of these romances were the crusades, &c. the position would have

been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two first* positions he says not one word: I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustration of his *third* position, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reason, which will appear). "*Indeed the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish histories, the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.*" Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history: which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*the History of the Achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unscholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices; but instead of that we have a digression upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to say something of those two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and *Don Quixote*, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude, in the assertion, that, "*in the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio, and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of Roldan el Encantador.*" Dr. W.'s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of *Cervantes*, in the first chapter of *Don Quixote*. "*Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Hercules, quando abogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los brazos.*" Where it is observable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to speak of more than one romance; he calls *Roldan el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be understood as an addition to *Roldan's* name, but merely as a participle, expressing that he was enchanted, or made invulnerable by enchantment.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the old romances in the following manner. "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula*

Gaula was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was the driving the Saracens out of France or Spain; whereas, for the reasons already given, *Amadis*, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as a very modern one; and the subject of it has not the least connexion with any driving of the Saracens whatsoever.—But what follows, is still more extraordinary. “When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these indefatigable guests; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter.”—It is impossible, I apprehend, to refer this subject to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain. So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject of the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain was well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) before the crusades; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the crusades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Fresnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his second race or class of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre, than *Amadis de Gaula* in driving the Saracens out of France and Spain. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine-tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Goffry*, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling question concerning the origin of lying in romances.—“Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of their romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages, which, indeed, have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the *Travels of Sir J. Maundevile*.”—He then gives us a story of an enchanting dragon in the isle of Cos, from *Sir J. Maundevile*, who wrote his *Travels* in 1356; by way of proof, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for about two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to shew, that at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of monstrous embellishment. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades* or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of so late a fabric, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons into Saracens*," I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which King *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his *third* position. In support of his *two first* positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and indeed nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning the strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out—"In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and *King Arthur and his Knights* is called the *History of Saint Graal*.—So another is called *Kyrie eleison of Montaubon*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men.—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of *King Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the first romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and *King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other supposed to be called *Kyrie eleison of Montaubon*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of the romances in *Don Quixote's* library, which the curate and barber saved from the flames.—"*Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d'etre gardez sont les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gaule—Palmerin d'Angleterre—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie eleison de Montauban (car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie eleison et Paralipomenon estoient les noms de quelques saints) où les subtilitez de la Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie, et les tromperies de la Veuve reposée, sont fort louées.*"—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he says of *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, as well as the witticism in his last sentence, from this passage of *Huet*, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below*)

thaa

* *Don Quix.* lib. i. c. 6. "Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui este *Tirante el Blanco*? Dadmele acá, compadre que hago cuenta que he hallado en el un tesoro de contento, y una mina de pasatiempos. Aqui esta *Don Quixote'son de Montalvan*, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano *Tomas de Montalvan*, y el Cavallero *Fonseca*, can la batalla que le valiente *Detriante* [r. de *Tirante*] hizo con el alano, y las agudezas de la *Donzella Plazer de mi vida*, con las

that *Huet* was mistaken in supposing *Kyrie eleison de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Damselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée* the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.—And so much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and I think I may venture to foretel, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incruited with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now enshrined.

—quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa fuis. MALONE.

*Enamorada y entusiasmada de la viuda Reposada, y la Señora Emperatriz, enamorada de
Elleto-lu-escudero."*
*And this Don Quixote, Sec. Here, l. 6. in this romance of Tirante el Blanco,
is Don Quixote, Sec.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *Father to Hermia.*

Lyfander, } *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, }

Philoftrate, *Maſter of the Revels to Theſeus.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theſeus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lyfander.*

Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, or Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*

Peaſebloſſom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustard-ſeed,

Pyramus,

Thisbe,

Wall,

Moonſhine,

Lion,

} *Fairies.*

} *Characters in the Interlude performed by
the Clowns.*

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theſeus and Hippolita.

SCENE, *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires,

Like

¹ This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*. Thence it is, that our author speaks of Theseus as *Duke of Athens*. The tale begins thus; late edit. v. 861:

"Whilom as olde stories tellen us,

"There was a *Duk* that highte Theseus,

"Of Athenes he was lord and governor, &c."

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the same title, chap. xii. l. 21.

"Duke Theseus had the victorie."

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*. So likewise Skelton:

"Not lyke *Duke Hamilcar*,

"Nor like *Duke Arsdruball*."

I have been informed that the originals of Shakspeare's *Oberon* and *Titania* are to be sought in the ancient French Romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton remarks, (*Observat.* on Spenser's *F. Q.* v. ii. 138,) that "this romance is mentioned among other old histories of the same kind in Lancham's Letter, concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle. It is entitled, *The famous exploits of Sir Hugh of Bourdeaux*, and was translated from the French by John Bouchier, Lord Burners, in the reign of Henry VIII."

The

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue ².

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent ³ in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.— [Exit Philostrate]
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling ⁴.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

The *Midsommer-Night's Dream* I suppose to have been written in
1592. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

² Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,

Long withering out a young man's revenue.]

— Ut piger annus

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,

Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. HOR. MALONE.

³ New bent—] The old copies read—*New bent*. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

⁴ With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has observed in his late edition of Milton's *POEMS*, p. 56, we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revels, &c. So, again in *King Henry VI.* P. iii:

"And now what rests, but that we spend the time

"With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

"Such as befit the pleasures of the court."

Again, in the preface to Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, 1644:
"Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays." Jonson, as the same gentleman observes, in the title of his masque called *Love's triumph* through *Callipolis*, by triumph seems to have meant a grand procession; and in one of the stage-directions, it is said, "the triumph is seen far off." MALONE.

Again

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble Lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious Duke,
 This hath bewitch'd⁵ the bosom of my child:
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds⁶, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious Duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law⁷,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

⁵ *This hath bewitch'd*—] The old copies read—*This man* hath bewitch'd—. The emendation was made for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. It is very probable that the compositor caught the word *man* from the line above. MALONE.

⁶ *—gawds*—] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. The Rev. Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*, observes that a *gawd* is a child's toy, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gawdys*, and their baby-house a *gawdy-house*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Or to her death; according to our law*] By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold;

Nor how it may concern my modesty,

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:

But I beseech your grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death⁶, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,

Know of your youth⁷, examine well your blood,

Whether if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;

For aye¹ to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd²,

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord.

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke³

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The.

⁶ *Know of your youth*] Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth. JOHNSON.

¹ For aye—] i. e. for ever. STEEVENS.

² *But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd*] Thus all the copies; yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy* for *happier earthily*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read, *earthly happier*. STEEVENS.

This is a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much delighted. We meet with it again in his 5th, 6th, and 54th Sonnet. MALONE.

³ — *wished unwished yoke*, &c.] I have adhered to the old copies in this passage. The editor of the second folio has rendered it—"to whose whole

The. Take time to pause : and, by the next new moon,
 (The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,) *Dem.*
 Upon that day either prepare to die,
 For disobedience to your father's will;
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would :
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,
 For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;—And, Lyfander, yield
 Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyf. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
 Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him ⁴.

Ege. Scornful Lyfander ! true, he hath my love ;
 And what is mine, my love shall render him ;
 And she is mine ; and all my right of her
 I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lyf. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As we'll possess'd ; my love is more than his ;
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
 I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :

Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted ⁵ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;

And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,

I have some private schooling for you both.—

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will ;

Or else the law of Athens yields you up

whose unwish'd yoke ;" but this was a dangerous innovation, arising
 from the editor's ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology. MALONE.

⁴ Let me have Hermia's do you marry him] I suspect that Shakspeare
 wrote :

" Let me have Hermia ; do you marry him." TYRWHITT.

⁵ —spotted—] As spotless is innocent, so spotted is wicked. JOHNSON.

(Which

(Which by no means we may extenuate)
 To death, or to a vow of single life.—
 Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along;
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial; and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. and Train.]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
 Beteem them ⁶ from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth ⁷:
 But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low ⁸!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spight! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentary ⁹ as a sound,

⁶ Beteem them] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser.

"So would I, said the enchanter, glad and fain

"Beteem to you this sword, you to defend." JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Case is Altered; How? Ask Dallis and Millo*, 1604:

"I could beteeem her a better match."

I rather think that to *beteem* in this place signifies (as in the northern countries) to *pour out*; from *tæmmer*, Danish. STEEVENS.

⁷ The course of true love, &c.] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradise Lost*, B 10—898, et seqq. MALONE.

⁸ —too high to be enthrall'd to low!! The old copies read—to love. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's *Pens and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth."

"Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,

"Ne'er settled equally, too high, or low, &c." MALONE.

⁹ Making it momentary—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—momentary. MALONE.

Momentary is the old and proper word. JOHNSON.

Swift

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night ¹,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers ².

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia,
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow-night:
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

¹ *Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,*

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth.] Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakespeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—in a trice, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*; so just the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*:—"sudden quips." And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction.

WARBURTON.

—the colly'd night,] *colly'd*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

² —poor fancy's followers.] *Fancy* here, and in many other places in these plays, signifies love. MALONE.

Her.

Her. My good Lyfander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen³,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyf. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair⁴. O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars⁵ and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so⁶!

³—*by that fire that burn'd the Carthage queen*] Shakspeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

⁴—*your fair*:] *Fair* is used again as a substantive in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“—— My decayed fair,

“A sunny look of his would soon repair.”

See p. 15. n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Your eyes are lode-stars*:] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the *leading* or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the *lode-stone*, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L' Allegro*:

“Tow'rs and battlements be sees—

“Besom'd high in tufted trees,

“Where perhaps some beauty lies,

“The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.”

Davies calls Elizabeth, “lode-stone to hearts and lode-stone to all eyes.” JOHNSON.

⁶—*O, were favour so*!] *Favour* is *feature*, countenance. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act ii. sc. iv.:

“—— thine eye

“Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves.” STEEVENS.

Your

Your words I'd catch⁷, fair Hermia, ere I go;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated⁸.
 O, teach me how you look; and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see⁹,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the watry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

⁷ *Your words I'd catch*—] The old copies read—*I catch*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Yours would I catch*; in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. As the old reading (*words*) is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

⁸ — *to be to you translated*.] To *translate*, in our author, sometimes signifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in *Timon*:

" — to present slaves and servants.

" *Translates his rivals*." STEEVENS.

⁹ Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

Her.

Her. And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet¹;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewel, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight².

[Exit HERMIA.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit Lys.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

¹ *Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;*] That is, emptying our bosoms of those secrets upon which we were wont to consult each other with so sweet a satisfaction. HEATH.

The old copies read—*swell'd*; and in the line next but one *strange companions*. Both emendations were made by Mr. Theobald, who supports them by observing that "this whole scene is in rhyme. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an antithesis to *emptying*; and "*strange companions*" our editors thought was plain English, but "*stranger companies*" a little quaint and unintelligible." Our author very often uses the substantive, *stranger*, adjectively, and *companies*, to signify *companions*. So, in *K. Richard II.* Act i.:

"To tread the *stranger* paths of banishment."

And in *King Henry V*:

"His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow."

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewise supported by Stowe's *Annales*, p. 991, edit. 1615: "The prince himself was faine to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood." Mr. Heath observes, that our author seems to have had the following passage in the 55th Psalm, (v. 14, 15.) in his thoughts: "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *sweet counsel* together, and walked in the house of God as friends." MALONE.

² — *when Phoebe doth behold, &c.*

— *deep midnight.*] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from page 299, that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonshine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in Act iii. sc. i.

BLACKSTONE.

Things

Things base and vile, holding no quantity³,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys in game⁴ themselves forswear,
 So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne⁵,
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow-night,
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

*Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and
 STARVELING⁶.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

³ — *no quantity,*] *Quality* seems a word more suitable to the sense than *quantity*, but either may serve. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *in game*] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but *sport*, *jest*. So Spenser: "*twixt earnest and 'twixt game.*" JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Hermia's eyne,*] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. STEEVENS.

⁶ In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lyon, at the same time. JOHNSON.

Exit.

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip⁷.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point⁸.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby².

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry¹.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in³, to make all split³.

“ The

⁷ — the scrip.] A scrip, Fr. *script*, now written *ecrit*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — grow to a point.] So, in the *Arrangement of Paris*, 1584:

“ Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,

“ Unless unto some other point we grow.” STEEVENS.

² The most lamentable comedy, &c.] This is very probably a burlesque on the title-page of *Cambyses*: “ A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambyses, King of Persia, &c.*” By Thomas Preston, bl. l. no date. On the registers of the Stationers' Company however appears “ the booke of *Perimus and Thisbe*, 1562.” Perhaps Shakespeare copied some part of his interlude from it. STEEV.

A poem entitled *Pyramus and Thisbe* by Dr. Gale, was published 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was posterior to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. MALONE.

¹ A very good piece of work—and a merry.] This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called “ a goodly interlude and a merry.” STEEVENS.

³ I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in:] In the old comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says, “ I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*.” In an anonymous piece called *Histrionastix*, or *The Player whipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and

" The raging rocks,
 " And shivering shocks,
 " Shall break the locks
 " Of prison-gates;
 " And Phibbus' car
 " Shall shine from far,
 " And make and mar
 " The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender*.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will⁴.

Bot.

and the captain says, "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and tear a cat upon a stage, &c." Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: "I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such Tear-cat thunder-claps." STEEVENS.

³—to make all split.] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of the *Scornful Lady*, we meet with "two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split." FARMER.

The same expression is used by Chapman in his *Widow's Tears*, 1612.

MALONE.

*—the bellows-mender.] In Ben Jonson's masque of *Pan's Anniversary*, &c. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a bellows-mender was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴—as small as you will.] This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene, and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Down's *Memoirs of the Playhouse*, that one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Prynne,

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisbe, Thisbe—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.
—Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;
—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study⁶.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus

Prynne, in his *Histrionastix*, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfriars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *you must play Thisby's mother.*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisbe, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong in this last particular. The introduction of *Wall and Moonshine* was an after-thought. See Act iii. sc. i. It may be observed, however, that no part of what is rehearsed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theseus. STEEVENS.

is a sweet-faced man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's-day ; a most lovely, gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow⁷.

Quin. Some of your French crowns⁸ have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood a mile without the town, by moon light ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties⁹, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough ; hold, or cut bow-strings¹. [Exeunt.

ACT

⁶ — *flow of study.*] *Study* is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote. Hamlet asks the player if he can "*study*" a speech. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to chuse among many beards, all unnatural.

JOHNSON.

It was the custom formerly to wear coloured beards. So in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611 :

"What colour'd beard comes next by the window ?

"A black man's, I think ;

"I think a red, for that is most in fashion." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *French crowns, &c.*] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the last stages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has frequent allusions. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *properties.*] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Hold, or cut bow-strings.*] To meet, whether bow-strings hold or are cut, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowstring, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a FAIRY at one Door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale²,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere³;

to the archer. "He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, (says Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*,) and the little hangman dare not shoot at him." MALONE.

Hold, or cut cod-piece point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit. 1737. COLLINS.

² *Over bill, over dale, &c.*] So Drayton in his *Court of Fairy*;

"Thorough brake, thorough brier,

"Thorough muck, thorough mire,

"Thorough water, thorough fire." JOHNSON.

³ — *the moon's sphere*;] Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective. So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: "Have we not God by *wrath*, for Goddess *wrath*, and a thousand of the same stamp, wherein the corrupt orthography in the moste, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte profodye in over-many?" STEEVENS.

⁴ *To dew her orbs upon the green*:] The orbs here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. Thus Drayton:

"They in their courses make that round,

"In meadows and in marshes found,

"Of them so called the fairy ground." JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*: "—similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum saltatorium orbem cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent." It appears from the same author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of *Puck* to refresh it.

STEEVENS.

And

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs ⁴ upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ⁵ ;
In their gold coats spots you see ⁶ ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their favours :

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear ⁷.
Farewel, thou lob of spirits ⁸, I'll be gone ;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night ;
Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;
She never had so sweet a changeling ⁹ ;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :

⁵ *The cowslips tall her pensioners be;*] i. e. her guards. The golden-coated cowslips were chosen by the author as *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen, the dress of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners being in the time of Queen Elizabeth very splendid, and (as we learn from Osborne) the tallest and handsomest men being generally chosen by her for that office. The allusion was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

The cowslip was a favourite among the Fairies. JOHNSON.

⁶ *In their gold coats spots you see;*] Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the same red spots :

"A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

"I' the bottom of a cowslip." PERCY.

⁷ *And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.*] The same thought occurs in an old comedy call'd the *Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600. An enchanter says :

"'Twas I that led you through the painted meads

"Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,

"Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *lob of spirits.*] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dullness of mind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by B. and Fletcher : "There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*." This being seems to be of kin to the *lubbar-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Observations on the Faery Queen*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *changeling.*] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away.

JOHNSON.

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen ¹,
 But they do square ² ; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow ³ : are you not he,
 That fright ⁴ the maidens of the villagery ;
 Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern ⁵,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;

And

¹ — *sheen*,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

² *But they do square* ;] To square here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drums Entertainment*, 1601 :

“ — pray let me go, for he'll begin to square.” STEEVENS.

It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaziers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms, for a pane of glass. BLACKSTONE.

³ — *Robin Goodfellow* ;] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harsenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134 : “ And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse, the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pect, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny or an house-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid—then ware—of bull-beggars, spirits, &c.” He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act iii. sc. i.] as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and æconomy. T. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the same account of this frolicsome spirit, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1588. 4to. p. 66. “ Your grandames maids, were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *That fright*—] The old copies read *frights* ; and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as those that follow, should agree with the personal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If so, our author ought to have written—*frights, skims, labours, makes, and misleads*. The other, however, being the more common usage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. MALONE.

⁵ *Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern*,

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;] The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he*, says the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect* ? The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good but the evil that he does. JOHNSON.

Perhaps

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm⁶;
 Midead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck⁷,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright⁸;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.

Perhaps the construction is—and sometimes make the breathless housewife labour in the quern, and bootless churn. This would obviate the objection made by Dr. Johnson, viz. that “the mention of the mill is out of place, for she is not now telling the good but the evil that he does.” MALONE.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, *kuerna*, *mola*. Islandic. STEEVENS.

⁶—no barm;] *Barme* is a name for yeast, yet used in our midland countries, and universally in Ireland. STEEVENS.

⁷ Those that Hobgoblins call you, and sweet Puck, &c.] To those traditional opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*. A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*.—Whether Drayton or Shakspeare wrote first, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

The editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, has incontrovertibly proved Drayton to have been the follower of Shakspeare; for, says he, “*Don Quixote* (which was not published till 1605.) is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of the *Midsommer-Night's Dream* in 1600.” STEEVENS.

Don Quixote, though published in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Shelton's translation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, subsequent to that year. The earliest edition of it that I have seen, was printed 1619. MALONE.

—sweet Puck,] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as Puck alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than fiend or devil. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts the *puck* for the devil. fol. lxxx. b. v. penult. See also fol. lxxvii. v. 15. “none belle powke.”

It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*; *Sathanas*. *Gudm. And. Lexicon. Island.* TYRWHITT.

So, in Spenser's *Epithalamion*, 1595:

“Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,

“Ne let the pouke, nor other evil spright,

“Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,

“Ne let hobgoblins, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Puck. Thou speak'st aright;] I would fill up the verse which I suppose the author left complete: *I am*, thou speak'st aright.

It seems that in the Fairy mythology Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell.

JOHNSON.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab⁹;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt¹, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And tailor cries², and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe³;
 And waxen⁴ in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Faery⁵, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone!

*Enter OBERON*⁶, *at one door, with his train, and TITANIA*⁷,
at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

⁹ — a roasted crab;] i. e. a crab apple. So again in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl. MALONE.

¹ *The wisest aunt,*] Though *aunt* in many ancient English books means a *procuress*, I believe it here only signifies an old woman in general. MALONE.

² *And tailor cries,*] The custom of crying *taylor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a taylor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

This phrase perhaps originated in a pun. *Your tail is now on the ground.* See Camden's Remaines 1614. PROVERBS. "Between two stools the taylor goeth to the ground. MALONE.

³ — *hold their hips, and loffe;*]

"And laughter holding both his sides." Milton. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And waxen,*] And *encrease*, as the moon waxes. JOHNSON.

⁵ *But room, Faery.*] The word *Fairy* or *Faery*, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Enter Oberon.*] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory Discourse*, (See vol. iv. p. 161,) observes, that "*Pluto and Proserpina* in the *Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been the true progenitors of Shakspeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Titania.*] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser*,) considered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of such an imaginary personage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. STEEVENS.

Tita.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest sleep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buikin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night⁸
From Perigenia, whom he ravished⁹?
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring¹,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain², or by rushy brook,
Or on the breached margent³ of the sea,

⁸ — *through the glimmering night*] The *glimmering night* is the night faintly illuminated by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says,

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day." STEEV.

⁹ *From Perigenia, whom he ravished?*] In North's translation of Plutarch (*Life of Theseus*) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

¹ *And never, since the middle summer's spring, &c.*] By the *middle summer's spring*, our author seems to mean the *beginning* of middle or mid summer. *Spring* for *beginning* he uses again; *Henry IV.* P. ii.

"As flaws congealed in the spring of day." STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, p. 494:—"the morowe after about the *spring* of the daie"—MALONE.

² *paved fountain;*] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNS.

Perhaps paved at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens*: "As for the other kind of *fountain*, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty. . . . As that the bottom be finely paved . . . the *sides* likewise, &c." STEEVENS.

³ *Or on the beached margent—*] The old copies read—*Or in*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain ⁴,
 As in revenge have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river ⁵ made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents ⁶:
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard ⁷:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fattened with the murrain flock ⁸;
 The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud ⁹;

And

⁴ — *the winds, piping*] So, Milton:

"While rocking winds are piping loud," JOHNSON.

⁵ — *pelting river*] Thus the quartos: the folio reads *petty*. Shakespeare has in *Lear* the same word—*low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer in Measure for Measure*." JOHNSON.

This word is always used as a term of contempt.

So, in Glascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575: "Doway is a *pelting* town, pack'd full of poor scholars." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *overborne their continents*:] Borne down the banks that contained them. So, in *Lear*:

"——— *close pent-up guilts,*

"*Rive your concealing continents!*" JOHNSON.

⁷ — *and the green corn*

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:] So, in our author's 12th Sonnet:

"And summer's *green* all girded up in *sheaves*,

"Borne on the bier with white and bristly *beard*." MALONE.

⁸ — *murrain flock*:] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakespeare as an adjective; as a substantive by others.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud*:] In that part of Warwickshire where Shakespeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square, and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals ¹ want their winter here ² ;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest ³ :—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods ⁴ ;

Pale

are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*, and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

Nine men's morris is a game still play'd by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows :

A figure is made on the ground, by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three in a straight line, may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.

ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation. " *Le Jeu des Merelles*. The boyish game called *Merils*, or fivepenny morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles*."

TOLLET.

The foregoing explanation is probably the true one. Some, however, have thought that "the nine men's morris" here means the ground marked out for a morris dance performed by nine persons. MALONE.

¹ *The human mortals*.] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between men and fairies. Fairies were not human, but they were yet subject to mortality. STEEVENS.

See the *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 10; and Warton's *OBSERVATIONS* on Spenser, vol. i. p. 55. REED.

² — *their winter here*;] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer—their winter *cheer*; but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "Their winter" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which it appears from the next line was particularly in our author's contemplation :

"The wery winter nights restore the Christmas games.

"And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames."

Romeus and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

³ *No night is now with hymn or carol blest*.] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, [winter] in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn, or carol blest* certainly alludes.

WARBURTON.

⁴ *Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, &c.*] This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it (as Dr. Johnson seems to have

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound : *

have thought). It does not refer to the omission of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were disturbed in consequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is with peculiar propriety represented as incensed at the cessation—not of the Christian carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks,) nor of the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnson supposes,) but of those sports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.

As the whole passage has been much misunderstood, it may be proper to observe that Titania begins with saying,

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead—

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

She then particularly enumerates the several consequences that have flowed from their contention. The whole is divided into four clauses:

1. *Therefore* the winds, &c.

That they have overborne their continents :

2. The Ox hath *therefore* stretch'd his yoke in vain ;

The ploughman lost his sweat ;—

No night is now with hymn or carol blest :

3. *Therefore* the Moon—washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound :

4. And, *therefore* this distemperature, we see,

The seasons alter ;—

— and the mazed world,

By their increase, now knows not which is which :

And this same progeny of evils comes

From our debate, from our dissention.

In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania ; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which that word is found. MALONE.

The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time when it is used—All these irregularities of season happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other.—Ideas crowded fast on Shakspeare, and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from whom they took their rise.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the rest, to Nash, whose comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with this play, viz. 1600. The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published: For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STEEVENS.

* *That rheumatic diseases do abound.*] *Rheumatic diseases*, signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from

And, thorough this distemperature⁵, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose⁶;
 And on old Hyems' chin⁷, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries and the 'mazed world,

from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled, "The State of Sir H. Sydney's Bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;" *Sydney's Memorials*, Vol. i. p. 94: "—he hath verie much distempered diverse parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his stomach, &c. and thereby is always subject to coughes, distillations, and other rumatic diseases." MALONE.

⁵ — *this distemperature*,] By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. Mr. Steevens thinks it means "the perturbation of the elements." MALONE.

⁶ — *hoary headed frosts*

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;] Shakspeare, in *Coriolanus*, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap:" and Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 2. has—

"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted lap." STEEVENS.

This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith, in his *Traveller*:

"And winter lingering chills the lap of May." MASON.

⁷ — *Hyems' chin*,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly conjectures that the poet wrote, "—on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown." It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on the *chin*. STEEV.

It should be rather for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

So Cordelia speaking of Lear:

"—to watch, poor perdu!

"With this *thin* helm." STEEVENS.

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word.

This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, Book ii.

"And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood *Winter* all forlorne,

"With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,

"Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe

"Upon his gray and hoary head, and snowie frozen crown."

MALONE.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyems' chin must have come from Virgil, (*Æneid* iv. 253) through the medium of the translation of the day:

—tum flumina mento

Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba." S. W.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561:

"—and from his hoary beard adowne,

"The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne."

MALONE.

By

By their increase⁸, now knows not which is which :
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissention ;
 We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman¹.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb then rich with my young 'squire,)
 Would imitate² ; and sail upon the land,

To

⁸ *The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
 By their increase, &c.] The childing autumn is the pregnant au-
 tumn, frugifer autumnus. STEEVENS.*

By their increase, is, by their produce. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 97th Sonnet :

"The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,

"Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."

The latter expression is scriptural : "Then shall the earth bring forth
 her increase, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing." PSALM
 lxxvii. MALONE.

¹ — *henchman.]* Page of honour. GREY.

Henchman. Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another.
Pedisequus. BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some sup-
 port from the following passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. ii.

"O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

"Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

"The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

² *Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,*

Following, (her womb then rich with my young 'squire,)

Would imitate ;— Perhaps the parenthesis should begin sooner ; as I
 think Mr. Kenrick observes :

(Following her womb, then rich with my young 'squire.)

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras :

"——— She press'd so home,

"That he retired, and follow'd a's bum."

And

To fetch me trifles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;

And, for her sake, do I rear up her boy:

And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,

And see our moon-light revels, go with us;

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:

We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA, and her Train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back³,

Uttering

And Dryden says of his *Spanish Friar*, "his great belly walks in state before him, and his gouty legs come limping after it." FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which was likewise adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. "She did not, (he says) follow the ship whose motion she imitated: for that sailed on the water, she on land." But might she not on land move in the same direction with the ship at sea, which certainly would outstrip her? and what is this but following?

Which, according to the present regulation, must mean—*which motion of the ship with swelling sails, &c.* according to the old regulation it must refer to "embarked traders." MALONE.

³ And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back, &c.] By the mermaid in this passage, says Dr. Warburton, the poet meant Mary Queen of Scots; by the dolphin, her husband, the Dauphin of France (formerly spelt *Dolphin*). Mary is called a mermaid, to denote, 1. her reign over a kingdom situated in the sea; 2. her beauty and intemperate lust. *Such dulcet and harmonious breath* alludes to her genius and learning, more particularly to her sweet and graceful elocution. *The rude sea* alludes to Scotland, which in her absence rose up in arms against the Regent, and the disorders which she, on her return home, found means to quiet. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel, and the Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences, are imagined by the stars that shot madly from their spheres. In the latter part of the imagery there is a peculiar justness; the vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs.

The

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres⁴,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd⁵: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west⁶;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial vot'refs passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound—;
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness⁷.

The learned commentator's note is here considerably abridged, but I have endeavoured to preserve the substance of it. MALONE.

⁴ *And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,]* So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And little stars shot from their fixed places." MALONE.

⁵ *Cupid all arm'd:]* *All arm'd*, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say *all booted*. JOHNSON.

So, in Green's *Never Too Late*; 1616:

"Or where proud Cupid sat *all arm'd* with fire."

So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

"*All* utterly I could not seem forsaken" STEEVENS.

⁶ *At a fair vestal, throned by the west;]* A compliment to Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to Queen Elizabeth in the body of a play. So, again in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592:

"There lives a virgin, one without compare,

"Who of all graces hath her heavenly share;

"In whose renowne, and for whose happie days,

"Let us record this Pæan of her praise." *Constant*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And maidens call it love-in-idleness.]* It is scarce necessary to mention that *love-in-idleness* is a flower. STEEVENS.

The flower or violet commonly called pansies, or heart's-ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is "now purple with love's wound," because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other countries the *Three colour'd violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

Fetch

Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth⁸
 In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb,)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible⁹;
 And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lyfander, and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me¹.
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood;
 And here am I, and wood within this wood²,
 Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

⁸ *I'll put a girdle round about the earth*] This expression (as Mr. Stevens has shewn) occurs in many of our old plays. MALONE.

⁹ *I am invisible*;) I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

¹ *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*] The old copies read—*slay* and *slayeth*. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

² — *and wood within this wood.*] *Wood, or mad, wild, raving.* POPE.
 In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's *Ivy Church*, 1591, is the same quibble on the word:

"Daphne goes to the woods, and vows herself to Diana;

"Phæbus grows stark wood for love and fancie to Daphne." STEEV.

Hel.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron³, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worse place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that⁴.
It is not night, when I do see your face⁵,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world⁶:

Then

³ You draw me, you beard-hearted adamant;

But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. 1. 1569, that "—there is now a dayes a kind of adamant, which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouths of contrary persons, and draw the heart of a man out of his bodie without toffending any part of him." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *for that,*] i. e. for leaving the city, &c. TIERWHITT.

⁵ *It is not night, when I do see your face,* &c.] This passage is paraphrased from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

" ——— *Tu nocte vel atra*

" *Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.*" JOHNSON.

⁶ *Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,* &c.] The same thought occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. ii.

"A wilder-

Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you?
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase.
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Ec-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where * the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips † and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine ‡,

With

"A wilderness is populous enough,

"So Suffolk had thy heavenly company." MALONE.

† *The wildest hath not such a heart as you.*]

Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum. *Ovid.*
See *Timon of Athens*, A&C iv. sc. i.

"—where he shall find

"The unkindest beasts more kinder than mankind." S. W.

* — *where*—] is here used as dissyllable. The modern editors unnecessarily read—*whereon*. MALONE.

† *Where oxlips*] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowslip*. STEEVENS.

‡ *Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,*] On the margin of one of my folios, an unknown hand has written—*lusc* woodbine, which, I think is right.

This

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my Lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song¹ :
 Then for the third part of a minute, hence² :
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;

This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the word *lubb* in *The Tempest*, A^c ii. :

"How *lubb* and lussy the grass looks? how green?" STEEVENS.

¹ — a roundel,] A roundel; that is, as I suppose, a circular dance. Ben Jonson seems to call the rings which such dances are supposed to make in the grass, *roundels*. Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23 :

"I'll have no *roundels*, I, in the queen's paths." TYRWHITT.

Rounds or *roundels* were like the present country dances. See *Orchestra*, by Sir John Davis. 1622. REED.

² Then for the third part of a minute, hence:] Dr. Warburton reads—
 for the third part of the midnight—

The persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critic might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a *cowslip* might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

Some

Some, war with rear-mice ³ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits ⁴ : Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

S O N G.

1. *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen :*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2. *Fai.* *Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1. *Fa.* Hence, away ; now all is well ⁵ :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* *TITANIA sleeps.*

³ — *with rear-mice*] A rear mouse is a bat ; a mouse that rears from the ground by the aid of wings. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *quaint spirits* :] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority—*quaint sports*. But Prospero, in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good the devil is in it*, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan : " Now Shalcan, some new spirit ? Ruff. A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at leap-frog. O mines. O rare sight !" FARMER.

⁵ Hence, away, &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song ; but I think without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d fairy ; but the other division is better. STEEVENS.

Enter

Her. Lyfander, riddles very prettily :—
 Now much beshrew⁹ my manners and my pride,
 If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander lied.
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie further off; in human modesty
 Such separation, as, may well be said;
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend :
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end !

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I :
 And then end life, when I end loyalty !
 Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence ! who is here ?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear :
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid ;
 And here the maiden sleeping found,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-court'sy¹.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe :
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
 So awake, when I am gone ;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

⁹ *Now much beshrew, &c.*] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said, "now ill befall my manners, &c." STEEVENS.

See Minshew's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *brew-mouse*.

TOLLET.

¹ — *this kill-court'sy.*] We meet with the same abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

"They all strain court'sy, who shall cope him first." MALONE,

Enter

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit DEM.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace².

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eyne?—

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—

Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake

[*waking.*]

Transparent Helena! Nature shews art³,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so;

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So, I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

² — *my grace.*] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. JOHNS.

³ — *Nature shews art.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—Nature
her shews art—perhaps an error of the press for—Nature shews her art.
The editor of the second folio changed *her* to *here*. MALONE.

And touching now the point of human skill⁴,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will⁵,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness⁶.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;

⁴—touching now the point of human skill,] i. e. my senses being now at their utmost height of perfection. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness." STEEV.

⁵Reason becomes the marshal to my will,] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going." STEEVENS.

A modern writer [*Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnson's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, says he, is, "my will now obeys the command of my reason, not my will follows my reason. *Marshal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feast. Sydney has used *marshal* for *herald* or *poursuivant*, but improperly."

Of such flimsy materials are many of the hyper-criticisms composed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakspeare have given rise. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnson, when he speaks of the will following reason, uses the word not literally, but metaphorically? "My will follows or obeys the dictates of reason." Or that if this were the case, he would not yet be justified by the context, (And leads me—) and by the passage quoted from *Macbeth*.—The heralds, distinguished by the names of "*poursuivants* at arms," were likewise called *marshals*. See Minshew's *Dict.* 1617, in v. MALONE.

⁶—true gentleness.] *Gentleness* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the spirit of a gentleman. PERCY.

So thou, my surfeit, and my herefy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.]

Her. [starting.] Help me, Lyfander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lyfander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyfander! what, remov'd? Lyfander! Lord!
What out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. * [Exit.]

⁷ *Speak, of all loves;—*] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once used by our author. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. sc. iii.

“ ——— to send her your little page, *of all loves*.” STEEVENS.

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.] Thus the ancient copies, and such was Shakspeare's usage. He frequently employs *either* and other similar words, as monosyllables. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. ii.:

“ *Either* from the king, or in the present time.”

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

“ *Either* past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance.”

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

“ *Ei, her* led or driven, as we point the way.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ *Either* thou will die by God's just ordinance—.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ *Either* in discourse of thought, or actual deed.”

So also Marlowe in his *Edward II.* 1598:

“ *Either* banish him that was the cause thereof—.”

The modern editors read—*Or death or you, &c.* MALONE.

A C T III. S C E N E I¹.

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin², a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six³.

¹ In the time of Shakspeare, there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the public. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskillful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON.

² By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.] By our ladykin, or little lady, as *isakins* is a corruption of, by my faith. *Parlous*, a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. STEEVENS.

³ — in eight and six.] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. MALONE.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: * for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner⁴.

Quin.

* *God shield us! A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*] There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court in the year 1594. Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the First, was christened in August in that year. While the King and Queen, &c. were at dinner, a triumphal chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by "a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lyon*, but because his presence might have brought some scare to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meete that the Moore should supply that room." A true account of the most triumphal and royal accomplishment of the baptism of the most excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c. as it was solemnized the 30th day of August, 1594. 8vo. 1603. MABONE.

⁴ *No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.*] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living.—In the speech before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Ms. Harl. 6395:

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water,

Quin. Well it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack: find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaister, or some lome, or some rough cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake^s; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

ter, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of *Arion*, not he, but even honest *Harry Goldingham*; which blunt discoverie pleased the Queen better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument, exceeding well."

The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. MALONE.

^s — that brake;] *Brake* anciently signified a thicket or bush. STEEVENS.

Brake in the West of England is used to express a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

Q 2

What,

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ———odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath⁶, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while⁷,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

[Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here⁸!

[aside.—Exit.

Thisby. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Thisby. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisk juvenile*, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all⁹.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

Thisby. *O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair¹, Thisby, I were only thine:—*

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt Clownis.

⁶ *So hath thy breath,—* Mr. Pope reads—*So doth*, instead of—*So hath*, but nothing, I think, is got by the change. I suspect two lines to have been lost; the first of which rhymed with "*savours sweet*," and the other with "*here a while*." The line before us appears to me to refer to some thing that has been lost. MALONE.

⁷ — *a while*,] Thus the old copies. Mr. Theobald reads a *whit*, but this is no rhyme to *sweet*. The corruption arose, I believe, from a different cause. See the last note. MALONE.

⁸ — *thane'er played here!*] I suppose he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS

^{*} *juvenal*,] i. e. a young man. So, Falstaff, "*—the juvenal thy master*."

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *cues and all*.] A *cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next.

STEEVENS.

¹ *If I were fair, &c.*] Perhaps we ought to point out thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thisby, I were only thine. MALONE.

Puck.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier²;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn:
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them,
to make me afraid³.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee⁴?

Bot. What do you see? you see an afs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an afs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*sings.*]

*The ouzel-cock, so black of hue⁵,
With orange-tawny bill,*

The

² *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps it was written:—*Through bog, through mire*— JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. vi. c. viii.

"Through hills, through dales, *through bushes*, and *through briars*,

"Long thus she bled," &c. MALONE.

³ — *to make me afraid*] *Afraid* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's answer, that Snout mentioned an *afs's head*. Therefore we should read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?* An *afs's head*? JOHNSON.

⁵ *The ouzel-cock, so black of hue, &c.*] In *The Arbor of Amorous Devices* 4to. bl. l. are the following lines:

"The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quail,

"*The thrush-cock that was so black of beak.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I consulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the stanza, or to ascertain the date of the book.

*The thrush with his note so true⁶,
The wren with little quill;*

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?⁷

[*waking*

Bot. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo⁸ gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—*

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so.

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some

The *ouzel-cock* is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. P. Holland, however, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. x. ch. 24. represents the *ouzel* and the *blackbird* as different birds. See also Mr. Lever's *Museum*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The thrush*—] It appears from the following passage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *thrush* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*: "There is also another sorte of myrtle, or myrtle, which is wild; whose berries the mavises, *thrushes*, owlsells, and *thrushes* delite much to cate." STEEVENS.

⁷ *What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?*] Perhaps a parody on a line in the *Spanish Tragedy*, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

"What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

The *Spanish Tragedy* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592.

MALONE.

⁸ *plain-song cuckoo*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song* or variegated music sung by note. Skelton introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service at the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo, p. 227. edit. Lond. 1736:

"But with a large and a long

"To kepe just *playne songe*,

"Our chanter shall be your *cuckoue*," T. WARTON.

honest

honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee⁹, upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1. *Fair.* Ready.

2. *Fair.* And I.

3. *Fair.* And I.

4. *Fair.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries¹,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

⁹ — glee,] Joke or scoff. POPE.

Glee was originally a game at cards. The word is often used by our ancient comic writers in the same sense as by our author. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Haddon*, that in the North to *glee* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the Queen of the Fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

¹ — dewberries,] *Dewberries* strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits, they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind.

HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooseberries*, which are still so called in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes²,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal³!

2. *Fai.* Hail!

3. *Fai.* Hail!

4. *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech,
your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance⁴, good

² — *the fiery glow-worm's eyes,*] I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

The blunder is not in Shakspeare, but in those who have construed too literally a poetical expression. It appears from every line of his writings that he had studied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate observer of every object that fell within his notice. He must have known that the light of the glow-worm was seated in the tail; but surely a poet is justified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the eye. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the eye of it.

Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which, in *Hamlet*, he terms *uneffeſtual*:

“The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

“And ‘gins to pale his uneffeſtual fire.” MASON.

³ *Hail, mortal!*] The old copies read—hail, mortal, *bail*! The second *bail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, so as that each of them should address Bottom. The regulation now adopted was proposed by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁴ *I shall desire you of more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unnecessarily altered. Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers. So in *Lusty Juventus*, a morality, 1561: “I shall desire you of better acquaintance.” Again in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: “I desire you of more acquaintance.” STEEVENS.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the first folio, which reads in the next speech but one—“I shall desire of you more acquaintance.” But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. ix.:

“If it be I, of pardon I you pray.” MALONE.

Master

Master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman⁵?

Pease. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother⁶, and to Master Peascod, your father, Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. Mustard-feed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-feed, I know your patience⁷ well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-feed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my lover's tongue⁸, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ — good Master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman? In *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a comedy by Lilly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of fairies, very similar to the present:

Mosse. I pray, Sir, what might I call you?

1. Fai. My name is Penny.

Mop. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

Frifo. I pray you, Sir, what might I call you?

2. Fai. My name is Cricket.

Frif. I would I were a chimney for your sake."

The Muid's Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Mr. Warton says, (*History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 393.) that Lilly's last play appeared in 1597.

MALONE.

⁶ — Mistress Squash, your mother,] A *squash* is an immature peascod. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. v.: "—as a *squash* is, before 'tis a peascod." STEEVENS.

⁷ — patience,] By *patience* is meant, standing still in a mustard pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant.

COLLINS.

⁸ my lover's tongue,] The old copies read—my lover's tongue, and they are certainly right. Mr. Pope had made it—my love's tongue. Our poet has again used lover as a monosyllable in *Twelfth Night*:

"Sad true lover never find my grave." MALONE.

SCENE II.

*Another part of the Wood.**Enter OBERON.*

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity,

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule⁹ now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love,
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches¹, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.—
The shallowest thick skin of that barren sort²,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forfook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
When I did him at this advantage take,

⁹ *What night-rule—*] *Night-rule* in this place should seem to mean, what frolic of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661: "Marry, here is good rule." It appears, from the old song of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggish spirit "to viewe the night-sports." STEEVENS.

¹ — *patches*,] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

This common opprobrious term, probably took its rise from *Patch*, Cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *crossi-patch* is still used for *perversé*, ill-natured fool. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pyed* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times. STEEVENS.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly a fool. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. v. Shylock says of Launcelot, *The patch is kind enough*;—after having just called him, *that fool of Hagar's offspring*. TYRWHITT.

² — *sort*,] See note 5. MALONE.

An

An afs's nowl³ I fixed on his head;
 Anon, his *Thisbe* must be answered,
 And forth my mimic⁴ comes: When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in fort⁵,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
 And, at our stamp⁶, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

Their

³ —*nowl*—] A head: Saxon. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*my mimic*—] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fisher has—*minnic*; that by Roberts *minnoc*: both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thisbe*; but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. *Bottom* had just been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake.") "Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered, And forth my mimic (i. e. my actor) comes." In this there seems no difficulty.

Mimic is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Guls Horne-booke*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you; the *mimics* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Satiricall Epistles*, 1602: "Thou [Ben Jonson] hast forgot how thou ambled in a leather pich by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronymo's* part; to get service amongst the *mimics*." MALONE.

⁵ —*fort*,] Company. So above: "—that barren fort; and in Waller;
 "A fort of lusty shepherds strive." JOHNSON.

⁶ And, at our stamp,—] This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companies; I read:

And at a stamp here o'er and o'er one falls." JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The stamp of a fairy might be efficacious, though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did stamp to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*.—"Vero saltum adeo profunde in terram impresserant, ut locus insigni ardore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespitem." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth act;

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,

"And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be." STEEVENS.

Our "grandams maides were woont to set a boll of milke before *Jacobus*, and his cousin *Robin Goodfellow*, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and—he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid any clothes for him, besides his melle of white bread
 and

Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some sleeves ; some hats : from yielders all things catch,
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet latch'd ⁷ the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping—that is finish'd too—
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
 If thou hast slain Lyfander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood ⁸, plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too.
 The sun was not so true unto the day,
 As he to me : Would he have stol'n away
 From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
 This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon
 May through the center creep, and so displease
 Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes ⁹.
 It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;
 So should a murderer look ; so dead ¹, so grim.

Dem.

and milke, which was his standing fee; for in that case he saith, What
 have we here? Henton hamten, here will I never more tread, nor
 stampen." *Discoveries of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scott, 1584. p. 85.

ANONYMOUS.

⁷ —[*latch'd*] or *letch'd*, lick'd over; *lecher*, to lick, French

HANMER.

In the North, it signifies to *infect*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Being o'er shoes in blood*,] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots*. JOHNSON.

⁹ —[*with the Antipodes*.] i. e. on the other side of the globe. EDWARDS.

¹ —[*so dead*.] So again in *K. Henry IV.* P. ii. Act. i. sc. iii.:

"Even

Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyfander ? where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never-number'd among men !
O ! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake ;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch ³ !
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?
An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood ⁴ :
I am not guilty of Lyfander's blood ;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so ⁵ :
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

" Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

" So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone. STEEVENS.

So also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia* : "—if thou marry in age,
thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee dead thoughts and suspicion."

MALONE.

² *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,*

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ?] She means, Hast thou kill'd him
sleeping, when, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon ?

³ — *O brave touch !*] *Touch* in Shakspeare's time was the same with
our exploit, or rather stroke. A brave touch, a noble stroke, un grand
coup. JOHNSON.

A touch anciently signified a trick. In the old black letter story of
Howleglas, it is always used in that sense. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *mispris'd mood :*] Mistaken ; so below *misprision* is mistake.

JOHNSON.

Mood is anger, or perhaps rather in this place, capricious fancy.

MALONE.

⁵ — *part I so :*] *So*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted for the
sake of both metre and rhyme, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

So

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*lies down.*]

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
 And laid the love-juice on some true love's sight:
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind.
 And Helena of Athens look thou find:
 All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
 With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
 By some illusion see thou bring her here;
 I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
 Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*]

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
 Hit with Cupid's archery⁶,
 Sink in apple of his eye!
 When his love he doth espy,
 Let her shine as gloriously
 As the Venus of the sky.—
 When thou wak'st, if she be by,
 Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band;
 Helena is here at hand;
 And the youth mistook by me,
 Pleading for a lover's fee;
 Shall we their fond pageant see?
 Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
 That must needs be sport alone:
 And those things do best please me,
 That befall preposterously.

⁶ *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was said before:
 — the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound. STEEV.

Enter

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow⁷,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white⁸, this seal of bliss⁹!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury,
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls¹, to mock me too?

If

⁷ — *Taurus' snow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

⁸ *This princess of pure white—*] So in Wyat's poems:

"— of beauty princess chief." STEEVENS.

In the *Winter's Tale* we meet with a similar expression:

"— good sooth, she is

"The Queen of curds and cream." MALONE.

⁹ — *seal of bliss!*] He has, in *Measure for Measure*, the same image:

"But my kisses bring again,

"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain." JOHNSON.

¹ — *join in souls,*] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakespeare in *Henry V.* uses an expression not unlike this:

"For

If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so;
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize²,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision! None, of noble sort³,
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort⁴
 A poor soul's patience⁴, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

"For we will bear, note, and believe in heart;"
 i. e. heartily believe; and, in *Measure for Measure*, he talks of electing
 with *special soul*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses, relating the character
 of Hector as given him by Æneas, says:

"—— with *private soul*

"Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that in
 the text:

"Happy, in *soul*, only by winning her."

Again in *Pierce Penniless his supplication to the Devil*, 1592:—"whose
 subversion in *soul* they have vow'd." STEEVENS.

A similar phraseology is found in *Measure for Measure*:

"Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

"To accuse this worthy man, but in *soul* mouth.

"To call him villain!" MALONE.

I rather believe the line should be read thus:

"But you must join, *ill souls*, to mock me too." TYRWHITT.

² *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, &c.*] This is written much in
 the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the 4th book of
 the *Æneid*:

"Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis.

"Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,

"Una dolo divum si femina victa duorum est." STEEVENS.

³ — none, of noble sort,] *Sort*, is here used for *degree* or *quality*. So in
 the old ballad of *Jane Shore*:

"Long time I lived in the court,

"With lords and ladies of great *sort*." MALONE.

⁴ — extort a poor soul's patience.] Harrafs, torment. JOHNSON.

Dem.

Dem. Lyfander, keep thy *Hermia*; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* is it home return'd⁵,
There to remain.

Lyf. *Helen*, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyfander*, found;
Mine ear, I think it, brought me to thy found.
But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press *Lyfander* from my side?

Lyf. *Lyfander's* love, that would not let him bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes⁶ and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,

⁵ *My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;*

And now to Helen is it home return'd,] So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:

"This is my home of love; if I have rang'd,

"Like him that travels, I return again."

The old copies read—to her. Corrected by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

My heart, &c.] So Prior:

"No matter what beauties I saw in my way,

"They were but my visits, but thou art my home." JOHNSON.

⁶ — *all you fiery oes*] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *King Henry V.*

"—— can we crowd

"Within this little O, the very casques

"That did affright the air at Agincourt?" STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and oes of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's as being circular. TOLLET.

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows⁷, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us—O, is all now forgot⁸?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods⁹,
 Have with our needles¹ created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet an union in partition,

⁷ *The sisters' vows*—] We might read more elegantly—*The sister vows*, and a few lines lower—*All school-day friendship*. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the sake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution. MALONE.

⁸ *For parting us—O, is all now forgot?*] The word *now* is not in the old copies. For the emendation the present editor is answerable. The editor of the second folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—*O, and is all forgot?* It stands so awkwardly, that I am persuaded it was not the author's word. MALONE.

⁹—*artificial gods*,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

¹ *Have with our needles*, &c.] In the old copies the word is written *needles*. MALONE.

It was probably written by Shakspeare *needls*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day), otherwise the verse will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*. The same ideas occur in *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ ————she

“ Would ever with Marina be;
 “ Be't when they weav'd the siled silk,
 “ With fingers long, small, white as milk,
 “ Or when she would with sharp *needl* wound
 “ The cambric, &c.”

In the age of Shakspeare many contractions were used. Ben Jonson has *whether* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in Lord Sterling's *Darius* is *sport* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*. STEEVENS.

In the old editions of these plays many words of two syllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *spirit* is almost always so written, though often used as a monosyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always (I think, improperly,) written at length. MALONE.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crell ².
 And will you rent our ancient love afunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
 But by your setting on, by your consent ?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever ³, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;
 Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :

² Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one crell.] The old copy reads—*life*
 coats, &c. Corrected by Mr. Martin Folkes.

According to the rules of heraldry, the first house only, (e. g. a father who has a son living, or an elder brother as distinguished from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The son's coat is distinguished from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The same crest is common to both. Helena therefore means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much one person, as if they were both of the first house; as if they both had the privilege due but to one person, (viz. to him of the first house,) the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. MALONE.

³ — persever,] The word was formerly so pronounced. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. sc. ii.:

“ ——— say, thou art mine, and ever

“ My love, as it begins, so shall persever.” STEEVENS.

This.

This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronioled,
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument ⁴.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prays ⁵.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come—

Her. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no; he'll—Sir ⁶,
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou buri: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

⁴ — *such an argument*,] Such a *subject* of light merriment. JOHNSON.
So, in the first part of *King Henry IV.* Act ii. sc. ii.

“—it would be *argument* for a week, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *than her weak prays*,] i. e. prayers, entreaties. The old copies read—*her weak praise*. Mr. Theobald proposed the reading now adopted. A noun thus formed from the verb, to *pray*, is much in our author's manner; and the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived by the similarity of sounds. MALONE.

⁶ *No, no, he'll—Sir*,] This passage, like almost all those in these plays in which there is a sudden transition, or the sense is hastily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. The present text is formed from the quarto printed by Fisher and the first folio. The words “*he'll*” are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I suppose, would say, No, no; he'll *not have resolution to disengage himself from* *Hermitia*. But turning abruptly to Lyfander, he addresses him ironically:—*Sir*, seem to break loose; &c. MALONE.

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence⁷!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond: for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyfander*?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me:

Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt⁸,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom⁹!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

⁷ — *bated potion, hence*!] The old copies have *O* before *bated*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ — *of question, doubt*] The old copies read—*of* doubt. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ *O me! you jugler! you canker-blossom!*] *Juggler*, in this line, is used as a trisyllable; So again, in *King Henry VI. P. i.*:

"She and the dauphin have been *juggling*."

So also *tickling*, *wrestler*, and many more. MALONE.

By the *canker blossom* is here meant a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, Act ii. sc. iii.:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds." STEEVENS.

Her

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
 And are you grown so high in his esteem,
 Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
 How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
 How low am I? I am not yet so low,
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
 Let her not hurt me: I was never curst¹;
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice;
 Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
 Because she's something lower than myself,
 That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
 He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
 But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To Athens will I bear my folly back,
 And follow you no further: Let me go:
 You see how simple and how fond I am².

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, Sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrew'd:
 She was a vixen when she went to school;
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

¹ — *I was never curst*;] Perverse; wicked. MALONE.

² — *how fond*] i. e. foolish. STEEVENS.

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grafs made³;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it⁴.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine⁵, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did fort⁶,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

³—of hind'ring knot-grafs made;] It appears that knot-grafs was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and in the *Coxcomb*. Daily roots were supposed to have the same effect. STEEVENS.

⁴Thou shalt aby it.] To aby is to pay dear for, to suffer. STEEVENS.

⁵Or thine or mine—] The old copies read—Of thine. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. I am not sure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I should have suspected that the phrase was borrowed from the Latin:—Now follow, to try whose right of property—of meum or tuum—is the greatest in Helena.

MALONE.

⁶—so did fort,] So happen in the issue. JOHNSON.

Obe.

Obe. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight :
 Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
 The starry welkin cover thou anon
 With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
 And lead these testy rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way.
 Like to Lyfander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 Till o'er their brows death counterfeiting sleep
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
 Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye ;
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property ⁷,
 To take from thence all error, with his might,
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy Lord, this must be done with haste ;
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast ⁸,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial ⁹,

Already

⁷ — virtuous property,] Salutiferous. So he calls, in the *Tempest*,
poisonous dew, wicked dew. JOHNSON.

⁸ — night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,] "The image of
 dragons drawing the chariot of the night is derived" (as a late writer has
 observed,) "from the watchfulness of that fabled animal." LETTERS
 OF LITERATURE, 8vo. 1785.

This circumstance Shakspeare might have learned from a passage in
 Golding's translation of Ovid, which he has imitated in the *Tempest* :

"Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,

"And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never set."

MALONE.

⁹ — damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial, i. e. The ghosts of self-
 murderers, who are buried in cross-roads ; and of those who being
 drowned,

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 VOL.

Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport¹;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit OBE.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
 I will lead them up and down;
 I am fear'd in field and town;
 Goblin, lead them up and down,
 Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then.

To plainer ground. [*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lyfander! speak again.

drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

"Let some preest a gospel saye,

"For doute of fendes in the flode." STEEVENS.

¹ *I with the morning's love have oft made sport;*] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the husband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no young deity. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 3:

"As faire Aurora rising hastily,

"Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye

"All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed."

How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. Johnson reads with all the modern editors, "I with the morning light, &c." STEEVENS.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt PUCK and DEMETRIUS.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd, than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*lies down.*]

For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

[*sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?²

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Were art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
dear³,

If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

² Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not? It may be remarked that this exclamation is peculiar to *Puck*. In the old song printed by Peck, in which he relates all his gambols, he concludes every verse with *ho, ho, ho!* He here forgets his assumed character. ANONYMOUS.

The song above alluded to may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 203. MALONE.

³ — buy this dear,] i. e. thou shalt dearly pay for this. Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou shalt 'by it dear*. So, in another place, *thou shalt aby it*. So, Milton:

"How dearly I abuse that boast so vain." JOHNSON.

To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited. [*lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours : shine, comforts, from the east ;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest :—
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst, and sad :—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers ;
I can no further crawl, no further go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray ! [*lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep found :
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st⁴
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown ;

⁴ When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st] The second line would be improved, I think, both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus :

When thou wak'st,

See thou tak'st

True delight, &c. TYRWHITT.

Jack shall have Jill⁵ :
 Nought shall go ill ;
 The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
 [Exit PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. *sleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I⁶.

The same.

Enter TITANIA, and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;
 OBERON *behind, unseen.*

Tita. Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy⁷,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Monsieur; and, good Monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown⁸ with a honey-bag, Signior.—Where's Monsieur Mustard-feed?

⁵ *Jack shall have Jill: &c.*] These three last lines are to be found among Heywood's *Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

⁶ I see no reason why the fourth act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — *do coy.*] To coy, is to sooth, to stroke. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. vi. c. 30.:

“And whilst she coys his sooty cheeks, or curls his sweaty top,—”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *overflown*.] It should be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the mistake was our author's. MALONE.

Mus.

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif⁹, Monsieur Mustard-feed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb¹ to scratch. I must to the barber's, Monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs² and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desire'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away³.

So doth the woodbine⁴, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently

⁹ — neif,] i. e. fist. *Henry IV.* Act ii. sc. v.:

"Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif." GREY.

¹ — Cavalero Cobweb—] Without doubt it should be Cavalero Reasblossom; as for Cavalero Cobweb, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

² — the tongs—] The old rustic music of the tongs and key. The folio has this stage direction.—"Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke."

STEEVENS.

³ — and be all ways away.] i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter.

THEOBALD.

The old copies read—be always. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

⁴ So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently entwist—the female ivy so

Earrings, the barked fingers of the elm.] Dr. Warburton objects, that the woodbine and the honey-suckle are the same plant, and that therefore it is absurd to make one of them entwine the other. But the interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty. The following passage in *The Fatal Union*, 1640, in which the honey-suckle is spoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's exposition:

Gently entwist—the female ivy^s so
 Enrings, the barkey fingers of the elm.
 O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
 Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
 For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded

“ ——— as fit a gift

“ As this were for a lord—a *boney-suckle*,

“ The amorous *woodbine*'s offspring.”

But Minshieu in y. *Woodbine*, supposes them the same: “*Alio nomine nobis Anglis Honyfuckle dictus.*” If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine*, *boney-suckle*, or *enrings*.

MALONE.

Shakspeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant, and *boney-suckle* for the flower or perhaps Shakspeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Criseide*, v. 1236, lib. III.

“ And as about a tree with many a twist

“ Eitrent and writhin is the swete *woodbinde*,

“ Can eche of hem in armis other winde.”

What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this.—So the *woodbine*, i. e. the sweet *boney-suckle*, doth gently entwist the baky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy *enring* the same fingers. It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. STEEVENS.

It is certain that the *woodbine* and the *boney-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as the late editor seems to have thought by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So Bishop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar mistake in *St. Mothew*. FARMER.

^s — the female ivy] Shakspeare calls it *female ivy*, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton:

“ ——— led the vine

“ To wed her elm; she spous'd, about him twines

“ Her marriageable arms.”

Ulmo conjuncta marito. Catull.

Platanusque *castebs*

Evinct ulimos. Hor. STEEVENS.

With

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;
 That he awaking when the others do*,
 May all to Athens back again repair;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[touching her eyes with an herb.

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower^o

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

* *That he awaking when the other do,*] Such is the reading of the old copies, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age; though the modern editors have rendered it—when the *others* do.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. i.

“—and unbound the rest, and then came in the *other*.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. ii. “For the *other*, Sir John, let me see,” &c.

So, in the Epistle prefixed to *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1592; “I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*.” MALONE.

^o *Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower*] The old copies read—or Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is styled *Diana's bud*, because it is applied as an antidote to that charm which had constrained Titania to dote on Bottom with “the soul of *love*.” MALONE.

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.
 Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep, of all these five the sense⁷.

Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
 peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take
 hands with me,
 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
 Now thou and I are new in amity;
 And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
 Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
 And bless it to all fair prosperity⁸:
 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
 I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,
 Trip we after the night's shade⁹:
 We the globe can compass soon,
 Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my Lord; and in our flight,
 I'll tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping here was found,
 With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ — *all these five the sense.*] The old copies read—these *sense*; the *u* being accidentally reversed at the press. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

The five that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lyander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom. THEOBALD.

⁸ — *to all fair prosperity!*] I have preferred this, which is the reading of the first and best quarto, printed by Fisher, to that of the other quarto and the folio, (*posterity*,) induced by the following lines in a former scene:

“ ——— your warrior love
 “ To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 “ To give their bed joy and prosperity.” MALONE.

⁹ *Then, my Queen, in silence sad,*

Trip we after the night's shade:] *Sad* signifies grave, sober; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. So, *Winter's Tale*, Act iv.: “*My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk.*” WARBURTON.

A statute 3 Hen. VII. c. 14. directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's household.

BLACKSTONE.

Horns sound within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd¹:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear²
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding³; for, besides the groves,

¹ — *our observation is perform'd:*] The honours due to the morning of May. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May-day*. JOHNSON.

The title of this play seems no more intended to denote the precise time of the action, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

The same phrase has been used in a former scene;

“To do observance to a morn of May.”

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. “A Dream for the entertainment of a Midsummer-night.” *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE.

² — *they bay'd the bear*] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 2020, late edit:

“The hunte ystrangled with the wilde *beres*.” STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale*, Antigonus is destroyed by a bear, who is chased by hunters. See also, our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

“For now she hears it is no gentle chase,”

“But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud.” MALONE.

Hollinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says, “the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countries.” See vol. i. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, “Alexander at vacant times hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*.” Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the bear. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the bear than the boar. TOLLET.

³ *Such gallant chiding*:] Chiding in this instance means only sound. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“As doth a rock against the chiding flood.” STEEVENS.

The skies, the fountains ⁴, every region near
Seem all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind ⁵;
So flew'd ⁶, so fanded ⁷ ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls ;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft ; what nymphs are theſe ?

Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here aſleep ;
And this, Lyſander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of ⁸ their being here together.

The.

⁴ — for, *beſides the groves,*

The ſkies, the fountains—] Inſtead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read *mountains*. The change had been propoſed to Mr. Theobald, who has well ſupported the old reading, by obſerving that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. responsive to ſound :

Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque lacus que

Reſponſant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu. MALONE.

⁵ *My hounds are bred, &c.*] This paſſage has been imitated by Læc in his *Theodoſius* :

“ Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,

“ With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls ;

“ Like tygers flew'd, and fanded as the ſhore ;

“ With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew.” MALONE.

⁶ *So flew'd,*] i. e. ſo mouthed, *Flew* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. HANMER.

Arthur Golding uſes this word in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakspeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, b. iii. p. 33, b. 1603. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind ; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog :

“ — with other twaine, that had a fire of Crete,

“ And dam of Spart : th' one of them called Jollyboy, a grette

“ And large flew'd hound.”

Shakspeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, *ibid.* p. 33, a :

“ This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart ”

T. WARTON.

⁷ *So fanded,*] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.

Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEVENS.

⁸ *I wonder of—*] The modern editors read—I wonder at, &c. But changes

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is : my Lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA,
and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past⁹ ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord. [*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies ;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking : But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here :

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak—

And now I do bethink me, so it is ;)

I came with Hermia hither : our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord ; you have enough :
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me :

You, of your wife ; and me, of my consent ;

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;

And I in fury hither follow'd them ;

changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution ;
for the writings of our author's contemporaries furnish us with abundant
proofs that many modes of speech, which now seem harsh to our
ears, were justified by the phraseology of former times. In *All's Well*
that *Ends Well*, we have :

“ ——— thou dislike'st

“ Of virtue, for the name ” MALONE.

⁹ — Saint Valentine is past :] Alluding to the old saying, that birds
begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

Fair

Fair Helena in fancy following me ¹.
 But, my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
 (But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
 Melted as doth the snow ², seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I did see ³ Hermia :
 But, like a sickness, did I loath this food :
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
 Of this discourse we will hear more anon.—

Egeus, I will over-bear your will ;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolita. [*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :

¹ *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before :

Sighs and tears, poor Fancy's followers.

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

"A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave!" MALONE.

² — *as doth the snow,*] The word *doth* which seems to have been inadvertently omitted, was supplied by Mr. Capell.

The emendation here made is confirmed by a passage in *K. Henry V.*

"—— as *doth* the melted snow

"Upon the vallies." MALONE.

³ — *ere I did see*—] *Did*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own ⁴.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake ⁵?—It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [Exeunt.]

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:
—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*—Hey, ho!—Peter
Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker!
Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep!
I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the
wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass,
if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—
there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought
I had—But man is but a patch'd fool ⁶, if he will
offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not
heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able
to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what

⁴ *And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,*

Mine own, and not mine own.] Helena, I think, means to say,
that having found Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property
in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has
found by accident; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and
which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*.
She does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was*
like a jewel, but that she had found him, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ————— by starts,

“ His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear.

“ *Of what he has, and has not.*”

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Where every something, being blent together,

“ Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

“ *Express, and not express.*” MALONE.

⁵ *Are you sure*

That we are awake?] *Sure* is here used as a dissyllable: so *sure*,
fire, *hour*, &c. The word *now* [That we are *now* awake?] seems to be
wanting, to complete the metre of the next line. MALONE.

⁶ — *pat:b'd fool*,] That is, a fool in a party-colour'd coat. JOHNSON.
my

my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death⁷. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house; is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd: It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour⁸ is, God blefs us! a thing of nought⁸.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and

⁷ — at her death.] He means the death of *Thisbe*, which is what his head is at present full of. STEEVENS.

Theobald reads—*after death*. He might have quoted the following passage in the *Tempest*, in support of his emendation. "This is a very scurvy tune (says Trinculo,) for a man to sing at his funeral."—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.

⁸ — a thing of nought.] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to a thing of naught; i. e. a good for nothing thing. JOHNSON.

A thing of nought is the true reading. So in *Hamlet*:

"Ham. The King is a thing—

"Guil. A thing, my Lord?

"Ham. Of nothing."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

there is two or three lords and ladies more married : if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men ¹.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom ! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life ; he could not have 'scaped six-pence a-day : an the Duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd ; he would have deserv'd it : six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads ? where are these hearts ?

Quin. Bottom ?—O most courageous day ! O most happy hour !

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders : but ask me not what ; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined : Get your apparel together ; good strings to your beards ² ; new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd ³. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words ; away ; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ — *made men.*] In the same sense as in the *Tempest*, "any monster in England makes a man." JOHNSON.

² — *good strings to your beards.*] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

³ — *our play is preferr'd.*] This word is not to be understood in its most common acceptation here, as if their play was chosen in preference to the others ; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact :) but means, that it was given in among others for the Duke's option. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Decius says,

"Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go

"And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar." THEOBALD.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains ¹,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet ²,
Are of imagination all compact ³:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling ⁴,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth

¹ — *such seething brains,*] We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*: "Would any but these boil'd brains of three and twenty hunt this weather?" MALONE.

² *The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,*] An ingenious modern writer supposes that our author had here in contemplation Orestes, Mark Antony, and himself; but I do not recollect any passage in his works that shows him to have been acquainted with the story of Agamemnon's son—*scelerum furis agitatus Orestes*: and indeed, if even such were found, the supposed allusion would still remain very problematical.

MALONE.

³ *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagination. So, in *As You Like It*:

"If he, compact of jars, grow musical." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *in a fine frenzy rolling,*] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton, in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: describing Marlowe, he says,

"— that *fine madness* still he did retain,

"Which rightly should possess a poet's brain." MALONE.

The

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy⁵;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lysf. More than to us.
Wait on⁶ your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate⁷!

Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement⁸ have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

⁵ — constancy;] Consistency, stability, certainty. JOHNSON.

⁶ Wait on—] The old copies have—wait in. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

⁷ Call Philostrate.] In the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is squire of the chamber to *Theseus*. STEEVENS.

⁸ Say, what abridgment, &c.] By *abridgement* our author means a dramatic performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, Act. ii. sc. vii. he calls the players "*abridgements, abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time.*" Again, in *King Henry V.*

"Then brook *abridgement*; and your eyes advance

"After your thoughts." STEEVENS.

Philostr.

Philos. There is a brief⁹, how many sports are ripe;

[giving a paper.

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

The. *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung* [reads.
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

*Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary*¹.

That is some satire, keen, and critical²,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical³? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderful strange snow⁴.

How

⁹ — brief,] i. e. a short account or enumeration. STEEVENS.

¹ *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*

Of learning, &c.] I do not know whether it has been observed; that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. T. WARTON.

This pretended title of a dramatic performance might be designed as a covert stroke of satire on those who had permitted Spenser to die through absolute want of bread, in the year 1598:—"late deceas'd in beggary," seems to refer to this circumstance. STEEVENS.

If such an allusion was intended, this passage must have been added after the original appearance of this play; for we know that it was written in or before the year 1598, and Spencer did not die till 1599.

MALONE.

² — keen and critical,] *Critical* here means criticizing, censuring. So in *Othello*: "O, I am nothing if not critical." STEEVENS.

³ *Merry and tragical?*—] Our poet is still harping on *Cambyse*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *That is, hot ice, and wonderful strange snow.]* Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

— and wonderful strange black snow. JOHNSON.

I think the passage needs no change on account of the versification; for *wonderous* is as often used as *three*, as it is as *two* syllables. The meaning of the line is—"That is, *hot ice* and *snow* of as *strange* a quality." STEEVENS.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long :
Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long ;
Which makes it tedious : for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble Lord, it is ;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it ?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories⁵
With this same play against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble Lord,
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents⁶,
Extremely stretch'd, and conu'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play :
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

As there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*, as there is between
hot and *ice*, I believe we should read—"and wondrous *strong* snow."

MASON.

In support of Mr. Mason's conjecture it may be observed that the
words *strong* and *strange* are often confounded in our old plays.

Mr. Upton's emendation may derive some support from a passage in
Macbeth :

"—when they shall be opened, *black* Macbeth.

"Shall seem as pure as *snow*." MALONE.

⁵ —unbreath'd *memories*] That is, unexercised, unpractised memo-
ries. STEEVENS.

⁶ Unless you can find sport in their intents,] Thus all the copies. But
as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to
be lost. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this use several
instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first act of
Othello. *Intents* therefore may be put for the objects of their *attention*.
We still say a person is *intent* on his business. STEEVENS.

Go,

Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be⁷, to take what they mistake :

And what poor duty cannot do⁸,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit⁹.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;

Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off¹,

Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,

In least, speak most, to my capacity.

⁷ *Our sport shall be, &c.*] Voltaire says something like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confusion when they spoke to him. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line shews that some word was inadvertently omitted by the transcriber or compositor. Mr. Theobald supplied the defect by reading "And what poor willing duty, &c." MALONE.

⁹ *And what poor duty cannot do,*
[*Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.*] And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual merit of the performance, but by what it might have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage ; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

¹ *Where I have come, great clerks have purposed—*

And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,] So, in *Pericles*, 1609 :

"She sings like one immortal, and she dances

"As goodes like to her admired lays ;

"Deep clerks she dumbs."

It should be observed, that *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full points*. MALONE.

Enter

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philos. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest².

The. Let him approach.

[*Trumpets sound*³.]

Enter PROLOGUE.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.*

*We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,*

*We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my Lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder⁴; a sound, but not in government⁵.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion,
as in dumb show*⁶.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

² — *addrest*,] That is, ready. So, in *King Henry V.*

"To morrow for our march we are *addrest*." STEEVENS.

³ *Trumpets sound*.] It appears from the *Guls Hornbook* by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently usher'd in by trumpets. "Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that hee's upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

⁴ — a recorder;] A kind of flute. Shakspeare introduces it in *Hamlet*; and *Milton*, says:

"To the sound of soft recorders."

This instrument is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

Sir John Hawkins supposes it to have been a *flagelet*. MASON.

⁵ — but not in government.] That is, not regularly, according to the time. STEEVENS.

Hamlet speaking of a recorder, says, "Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most elegant music." This explains the meaning of *government* in this passage. MASON.

⁶ In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Turwyler with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

"This

- " This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;
 " This 'beauteous Lady Thisby is, certain.
 " This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
 " Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers funder:
 " And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
 " To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.
 " This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
 " Presenteth moon-shine : for, if you will know,
 " By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
 " To meet at Ninus' tomb⁷, there, there to woo.
 " This grisly beast, which by name lion hight⁸,
 " The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 " Did scare away, or rather did affright :
 " And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall⁹ ;
 " Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :
 " Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
 " And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
 " Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade¹,
 " He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
 " And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 " His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 " Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 " At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.

⁷ *To meet at Ninus' tomb, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon*:

" Thei settin markes ther metingis should be,
 " There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."

Again : " And as she ran her *wimple* she let fall." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *which by name lion hight*] *Hight*, in old English, signifies—is called. The old copies read—*which lion hight by name*. The present regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost. MALONE.

⁹ — *her mantle she did fall*] *To fall* in this instance is a verb active. So, in the *Tempest*, Act ii. sc. i.:

" And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
 " To fall it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

¹ *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade*] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

*The raging rocks
 And shivering shocks.*

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

The.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 "That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 "And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 "That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 "Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 "Did whisper often very secretly,
 "This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
 "That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 "And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 "Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

"O night, which ever art, when day is not!
 "O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
 "I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
 "And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 "That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
 "Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 "Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall², through whom I see no blifs;

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,* is Thisby's cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

² *O wicked wall, &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe*:

"Thus would thei saine, alas! thou *wicked wal*, &c." STEVENS.

Enter

Enter THISBE.

- Thisb.* "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 "For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
 "My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
 "Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."
Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
 "To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face."
Thisby!
Thisb. "My love! thou art my love, I think."
Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
 "And like Limander am I trusty still ³."
Thisb. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."
Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."
Thisb. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."
Pyr. "O, kiss me through the whole of this vile wall."
Thisb. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."
Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-
 "way?"
Thisb. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."
Wall. "'Thus have I wall my part discharged so;
 "And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.*

The. Now is the mural ⁴ down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning ⁵.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion ⁶.

Enter

³ *And like Limander, &c.*] Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *the mural*—] Old Copies—*mural*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁵ — *when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.*] This alludes to the proverb, "Walls have ears." A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning. FARMER.

⁶ — *a man, and a lion.*] Mr. Theobald reads—a man and a lion, and

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

- Lion.* " You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
 " The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
 " May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
 " When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
 " Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
 " A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam⁷:
 " For if I should as lion come in strife
 " Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."
The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Dem. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The. True; and a goose for his discretion.
Dem. Not so, my Lord: for his valour cannot carry his
 discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour;
 for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his
 discretion, and let us listen to the moon.
Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon present ;"
Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within
 the circumference.

and the emendation was adopted by the subsequent editors; but, I think, without necessity. The conceit is furnished by the person who represents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beast; and Theus only means to say, that the *man* who represented the moon, and came in at the same time, with a lantern in his hand, and a bush of thorns at his back, was as much a beast as he who performed the part of the lion. MALONE.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, call'd, *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his Factor doubt of the person who brings the intelligence. " I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—" Those," replies one of the heralds, " are *state ensigns* o' the stage. FARMER.

⁷ Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, that *nor* in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So in the play just mentioned:

" — contempt *nor* bitterness

" Were in his pride *or* sharpness."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read—that I, as Snug the joiner, &c. MALONE.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
"Myself the man i'th'moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern; how is it else the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff⁸.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by this small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh.—" [*The lion roars. Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion⁹. [*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle.*]

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd¹. [*Exit Lion.*]

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy funny beams;
"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

⁸ — in snuff.] An equivocation. Snuff signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

⁹ Well mous'd, lion.] Theseus means that he has well tumbled and bloody'd the veil of Thisbe. STEEVENS.

To mouse signified to mammock, to tear in pieces as a cat tears a mouse. MALONE.

¹ And then came Pyramus.

And so the lion vanish'd.] Dr. Farmer would read—

And so comes Pyramus,

And then the moon vanishes. MALONE.

" For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams²,

" I trust to taste of truest Thisby's fight.

" But stay ;—O spight !

" But mark ;—Poor knight,

" What dreadful dole is here ?

" Eyes, do you see ?

" How can it be ?

" O dainty duck ! O dear !

" Thy mantle good,

" What, stain'd with blood ?

" Approach, ye furies fell ! *

" O fates ! come, come ;

" Cut thread and thrum³ ;

" Quail, crush, conclude, and quell⁴ !"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. " O, wherefore nature didst thou lions frame ?

" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :

" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with cheer.

" Come, tears, confound ;

" Out, sword, and wound

² — glittering streams,] The old copies read—*beams*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

* *Approach, ye furies fell !*

O fates, come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe,

" O sisters three,

" Come, come to me,

" With hands as pale as milk—"

probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582 :

" Ye furies, all at once

On me your torments trie :—

" Gripe me, you greedy greifs,

" And present pangues of death,

" You sisters three, with cruel bandes

" With speed come stop my breath !" MALONE.

³ *Cut thread and thrum ;*] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp ; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

⁴ — and quell !] To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. STEEVENS.

" The pap of Pyramus:

" Ay, that left pap,

" Where heart doth hop:—

" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

" Now am I dead,

" Now am I fled;

" My soul is in the sky:

" Tongue, lose thy light!

" Moon take thy flight!

" Now die, die, die, die. [*dies. Exit Moonshine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass⁵.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star light.—Here she comes;

Enter THISBE.

and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance*, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better⁶.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans⁷, *videlicet*.—

This.

⁵ — and proves an ass.] The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Jago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*. STEEVENS.

* *A mote will turn the balance.*] *Moth* was the old mode of spelling this word. The modern editions read *moth*. See a note on *King John*, post. MALONE.

⁶ The first quarto makes this speech a little longer, but not better.

JOHNSON.

The passage omitted is—"He for a man, God warn'd us; she for a woman, God blest us." STEEVENS.

⁷ *And thus she moans*—] The old copies read—*means*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. A late writer contends for the old reading, which, he says, is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell*, to *relate*,
to

- " *Thif.* " Asleep, my love ?
 " What, dead, my dove ?
 " O Pyramus, arise,
 " Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?
 " Dead, dead ? A tomb
 " Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 " These lilly lips,
 " This cherry nose ⁸,
 " These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 " Are gone, are gone :
 " Lovers, make moan !
 " His eyes were green as leeks.
 " O sisters three,
 " Come, come, to me,
 " With hands as pale as milk ;
 " Lay them in gore,
 " Since you have more
 " With shears his thread of filk.
 " Tongue, not a word :—
 " Come, trusty sword ;
 " Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 " And farewell, friends ;—
 " Thus Thisby ends :
 " Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*dies.*]
The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the deed.
Dem. Ay, and wall too.
Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their

to declare. " Petitions to the lords of session in Scotland run, To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shews your petitioner." *Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785. MALONE.

⁸ *These lilly lips, this cherry nose,*] It should be :

" These lips lilly,
 " 'This nose cherry.'"

This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage:

FARMER.

Mr. Theobald for the sake of rhyme would read—*lilly brows*. But *lips* could scarcely have been mistaken by either the eye or the ear for *brows*. MALONE.

We meet with somewhat like this passage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595 :

Her coral lippes, her crimson chinne,
 Thou art a flouting knave—Her coral lippes, her *crimson chinne* !

STEEVENS.

fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance⁹, between two of our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are, all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [Here a dance of clowns.]

'The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-grofs play hath well beguill'd

The heavy gait¹ of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars*,
And the wolf behowls the moon²;

Whilst

⁹ — a *Bergomask dance*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomascio*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

¹ — *gait*] i. e. *passage, progress*. STEEVENS.

* *Now the hungry lion roars, &c.*] It has been justly observed by an anonymous writer, that "among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotic idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Psalm: "Thou makest darkness that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move; the lions roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God." MALONE.

² *And the wolf behowls the moon*;] The old copies read—*beholds the moon*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. The word *beholds*

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone ³.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide :
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,

beholds was in the time of Shakspeare frequently written *behowls*, (as, I suppose, it was then pronounced,) which probably occasioned the mistake. The following passage in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, which (as Mr. Theobald has likewise observed) seems to have been copied from that before us, appears to me a strong confirmation of the reading suggested by Dr. Warburton :

" Now *barks* the *wolfe* against the full-cheek'd moon,
 " Now lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,
 " Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *screech aloud*,
 " Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls ;
 " Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let loose
 " Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth."

It is observable, that in the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As You Like It*—" 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon,"—the expression is found, that Marston has here used instead of *behowls*. " In courting Phebe, thou *bark'st* with the wolves of Syria against the moon."

These lines also in Spenser's *Faery Queen*. B. I. C. 5. st. 30. which Shakspeare might have remembered, add support to the emendation now made :

" And all the while she [*Night*] stood upon the ground,
 " The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay ;—
 " The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 " With drery shrieks did also her bewray ;
 " And hungry *wolves* continually did *bowle*
 " At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle." MALONE.

I think, *Now the wolf behowls the moon*, was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author, and his contemporaries. " 'Tis like the *howling* of Irish *wolves* against the moon," says he, in *As You Like It*. FARMER.

³—for done.] i. e. overcome. STEEVENS.

Now

Now are frolic ; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
 I am sent, with broom, before ⁴,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA; with their Train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light⁵,
 By the dead and drowly fire :
 Every elf and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse this song by wrote : :
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG⁶, and DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day
 Through this house each fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be ;
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate.

⁴ *I am sent with broom, before,*

To sweep the dust behind the door.] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of fairies :

" These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,

" By pinching them both black and blue,

" And put a penny in their shoe,

" The house for cleanly sweeping. Drayton. JOHNSON.

To sweep the dust behind the door is a common expression, and a common practice in large, old houses ; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or never shut. FARMER.

⁵ *Through the house give glimmering light,]* Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought :

" Glowing embers through the room

" Teach light to counterfeit a gloom." Il Penseroso. JOHNSON.

⁶ This song, like many others, is lost. Dr. Johnson thinks that another song has also been lost, which he supposes to have been sung by Oberon, immediately after his first speech on his entrance :

*And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and dance it trippingly MALONE.*

So

So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be :
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious⁷, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gait⁸ ;
 And each several chamber blefs,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace :
 E'er shall it in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;
 Make no stay ;
 Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and *Train*.

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, (and all is mended,)
 That you have but slumber'd here,
 While these visions did appear,
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream,
 Gentles do but apprehend ;
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And as I'm an honest Puck⁹,
 If we have unearned luck¹
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue²,
 We will make amends, ere long :
 Else the Puck a liar call.
 So, good night unto you all.*

⁷ *Nor mark prodigious,*] *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of portentous. So, in *King Richard III*.

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,

"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *take his gait* ;] i. e. take his way, or direct his steps. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *an honest Puck*,] The propriety of this epithet has been already shewn in p. 317, n. 7. MALONE.

¹ — *unearned luck*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

² *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue*,] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses. JOHNSON.

Give

*Give me your hands³, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.*

[Exit⁴.

³ Give me your hands,—] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON.

So in J. Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

" But the nymph, after the custom of distressed tragedians whose first act is entertained with a *snaky* salutation, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

